POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

ON THE FLOOR THEY FOUND A POOL OF CONGEALED BLOOD.

Vol. III.—No. 32.

THE ROAD MURDER

THE SECRET SLAYING OF SAVILE KENT AND THE BELATED CONFESSION OF THE CRIME

"When the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance."

—MILTON, Paradise Lost, Bk. II.

PART I.

THE truth of the old adage "Murder will out," has been amply verified from time immemorial. Experience has taught us that however obscure, however secret a murder may be, if the perpetrator is not cut off in his wickedness before he has had time to betray himself, or before remorse has touched his heart and led him to confess his crime, sooner or later the deed and the doer become known.

About four miles to the south-west of the market town of Trowbridge, on the highway to Frome, stands the little village of Road. About Road itself there is nothing remarkable; there is the church with its parsonage adjoining it; farther off is the home of the squire, and the residences of several country gentlemen, while the body of the village is made up of a handful of meaner dwellings, gathered round the village inn. Yet twice within the last half-century public attention has been riveted on this out-of-the-way spot, attracted by the fearful fascination which the worst of crimes has always possessed.

One of the more prominent houses in the village was called Road Hill House, the home of Mr. Savile Kent, who was employed by the Government as a Deputy Inspector of Factories. Mr. Kent was one of those unfortunate people who seem to have more than their share of the troubles of life.

When first he entered Government service he married a young and beautiful wife. The first few years of married life passed away peacefully and happily, Mrs. Kent giving birth to two daughters and a son, named Edward; but after the birth of her son Mrs. Kent began to show signs of mental deficiency. As was natural, the poor husband was stricken with grief, but he could not bring himself to place his lovely partner under restraint, and so continued living with her. This first blow fell in 1837, and was quickly succeeded by others.

Between the years 1837 and 1842 four other children were born to Mr. Kent, but after a brief struggle for existence they all died. In 1844 Constance Kent was born, and when she survived the first few months her father thought that at last his troubles were at an end and that his little daughter would grow up to be a comfort to him. A year later another son was added to the family, and was named William.

Then the cloud, which had been hovering over Mrs. Kent's intellect for so long, descended, and her mania became so acute that it was imperative to confine her in an asylum.

A man is helpless with a family of children to look after, and Mr. Kent sought out a Miss Pratt, whom he engaged as governess to his children and general controller of the household. In every way Miss Pratt seems to have been a most estimable lady; she was attentive to the children, careful in the household matters, and a companion to the lonely father. This naturally engendered respect, and that respect grew rapidly.

In 1852 Mrs. Kent died, having never recovered her reason, and Mr. Kent was a widower. Is it to be wondered at, then, that when the first pangs of the bereavement were over he turned to the lady who had been virtually a mother to his family for seven years and asked her to become their step-mother? Miss Pratt consented, and the governess became the second Mrs. Kent in 1853.

The discipline of the schoolroom is seldom conducive to affection; there is always the feeling of assumed authority, of fear, and of remembrance of punishments received and inflicted, which even in the present day, under our gentle modern rule, makes the relations between pupil and

teacher a little strained. In the fifties the rod still ruled, and girls as well as boys were well acquainted with the proper use of the birch, while the most efficient teacher was often synonymous with the most expert flagellator. Can we be surprised, then, to learn that the children who had long been under the rule of Miss Pratt as a governess looked askance at her in her new rôle of mother?

One might, however, with reason expect that the elder children would most resent the governess's promotion, but the reverse was the case. Constance and William were most bitter against their father's second bride, and harped on the charms of the mother whom they had never known except by name. Mrs. Kent did everything in her power to smooth over the difficulties of her position and sank the teacher in the parent, but all to no purpose, and when the first child of the second marriage arrived the mother's natural solicitude for her first-born only deepened the breach between her and her step-children.

Under these circumstances Constance grew up a sullen and reserved child, imagining, without the slightest real cause, that all the world was against her. Her influence

DEMANDED BEDS FOR THE NIGHT

over her younger brother was also very marked, and the two used to lament the imaginary hardship of their position, and held aloof from their father and the rest of the family.

This unhealthy brooding was the cause of an extraordinary adventure which Constance and William planned and carried out in 1856. Certain of William's clothes had been discarded and stored away in one of the lumber rooms of the house. These Constance abstracted and carefully mended, altering them a little to fit her. Then one summer's morning she and William set out on their travels, attired as boys. The day passed and the parents grew anxious about the pair, sending out servants and neighbours to search for the truants, but nightfall came, and with it no news of the runaways.

That evening two very dusty and foot-sore boys, of about twelve years of age, entered the Greyhound Hotel in Bath, more than twelve miles distant from Road, and demanded beds for the night. Their appearance, and the fact that they had no luggage, excited the landlord's suspicions, and he handed them over to his wife to be questioned. The children refused to answer for some time, and then the hopelessness of the case and the fatigue were too much for William, and he burst out crying. Constance tried to stop him, and even answered the woman rudely, but her brother had said too much; he had called her Constance, and the landlady wondered how it was that a boy should have a girl's name. A closer inspection showed her that the elder "boy's" hair had been hacked off very roughly, and she taxed the traveller with being a boy in dress only. Constance held out, but William replied that his fellow-adventurer was his sister.

But for Constance's continued rudeness and defiance, the two children might have been lodged in the hotel for the night; but she had declared that she was going to continue her journey, and tried to leave the Greyhound. Accordingly, the couple were taken to Bath Police Station for the night, and in the morning Mr. Kent was apprised of the whereabouts of his children, and drove over from Road to fetch them.

Even when thus exposed, Constance kept up her defiant manner, and flatly refused to express either sorrow or shame for her pranks, rather glorying in the escapade. All attempts to elicit from her the hiding-place for her own clothes, which were missing, were met with failure, and it was not till some time after that her garments, together with her long hair, which had been cut off, were found in a disused closet about thirty yards away from her father's house.

In little country villages news of every kind is scarce, and the adventures of the two young Kents rapidly became the talk of the place, each recital adding a little to the tale, until the story was magnified out of all recognition, and the two children regarded as prodigies of youthful wickedness. Then matters settled down into the usual humdrum routine, and for a time the journey to Bath was forgotten.

During the years which elapsed between his second marriage and 1860, Mr. Kent had three children by his wife, and on the 29th of June, 1860, a fresh arrival to the family circle was daily expected. The eldest of the second family was a little girl, then aged five, the next was a fine, manly little boy, nearly four years of age, and the youngest child was a baby girl, just twelve months old.

Road Hill House was a substantially-built villa, standing in its own grounds, which were surrounded by shrubberies, and was retired a little from the main road. In fact, just such a country house as may be found on the outskirts of any village in England.

On entering the front door, there is a large central hall, which can be used as a reception-room if desired. On the left of this hall a door leads into the library, a room devoted at the time we speak of to general work. Behind this is the drawing-room, a spacious apartment, with fairly low windows, looking out on to the lawn. The windows, however, are not what are known as French windows reaching down to the ground, but had sills about three feet high. On the right-hand side of the hall is the dining-room, which is built beyond the general area of the house. It is obviously of more recent date than the rest of the fabric, and has no rooms built above it, but is covered by a flat roof on the level of the floor above.

At the back of the hall is the front staircase, beside which is a door leading to the kitchens and general offices. There are two floors above, each with a landing on to which the bedrooms open.

On June 29, 1860, the rooms upstairs were apportioned thus: On the first floor, above the library, were the bedroom and dressing-room of Mr. and Mrs. Kent. The dressing-room could be entered either from the bedroom or from the landing, though the door on to the landing was closed up by a heavy piece of furniture. Above the hall was the nursery, a very large room, divided into two compartments, one for day and one for night use. In the latter slept the nurse, Elizabeth Gough, and two children—the little boy, Francis Savile Kent, and the twelve months' old girl. Its single window looked out over the lawn. Opening out of the night nursery was a

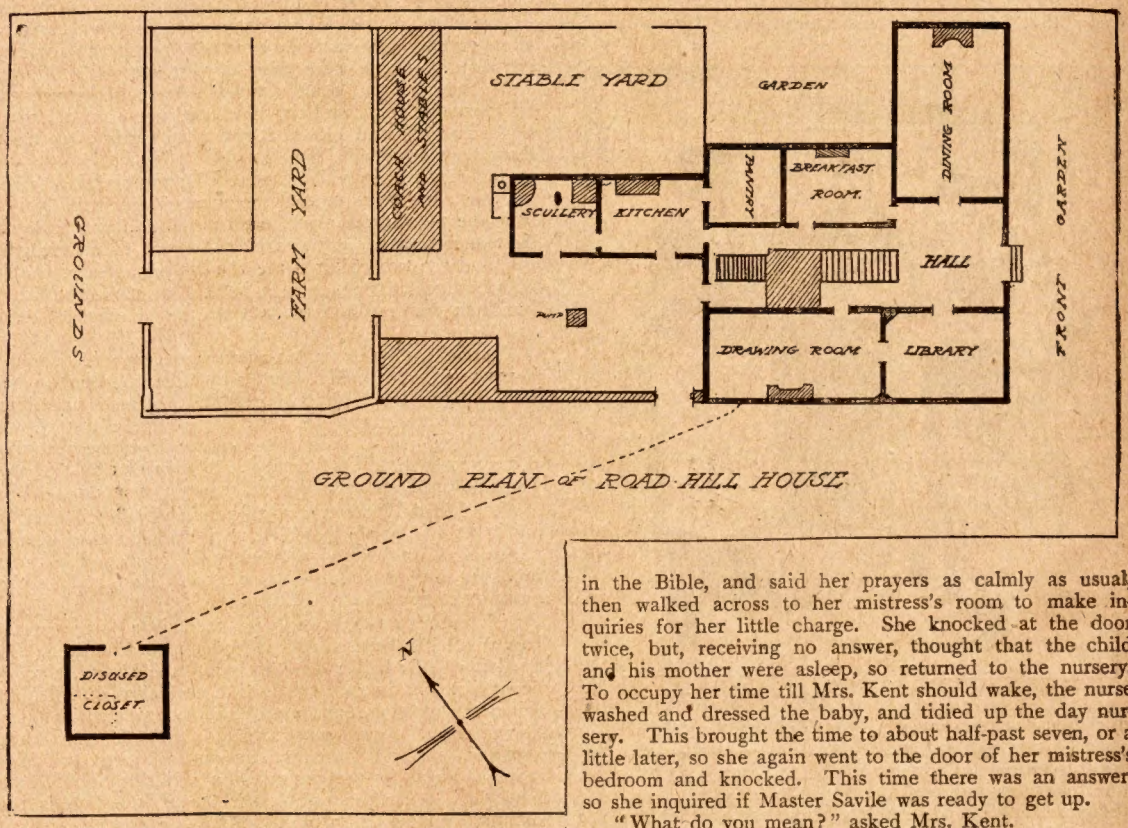
small dressing-room for the nurse, with a window looking on to the flat roof of the dining-room. A spare bedroom and two lumber-rooms completed that floor.

On the floor above, the two eldest daughters slept in a room over Mr. Kent's bedroom, and on the opposite side of the landing was the servants' room, in which the cook and housemaid slept, while Constance occupied a little room directly over Mr. Kent's dressing-room. Over the spare room was the chamber in which William slept, and a couple of store-rooms took up the remaining space. A back staircase for the use of the servants connected the various floors.

From the foregoing it will be seen that on the evening of Friday, June 29, there were twelve souls in Road Hill House. On the following morning there were but eleven.

Elizabeth Gough, the nurse, was a young woman of twenty-three years of age. She had been with the Kents for nearly a year, and had always borne an excellent character, both for her own particular work and for her willingness to assist in any housework when occasion arose. Friday had been a very hard day for her, for, from the size of the house and the number of the family, it does not require much experience of housekeeping to know that three servants were not sufficient for the necessary work of the establishment; added to this, she had been helping in some house-cleaning, which had necessitated her getting up earlier than usual to get some of her own work done in time.

About seven o'clock in the evening she put the children to bed as usual, and after she had supper Mrs. Kent came into the nursery to chat to her for a few minutes as she had always been in the habit of doing. After inquiring about the children and looking at them asleep in their little cots, Mrs. Kent retired to her own room, for, as we have said, she was in a delicate condition. Then the nurse, who was extremely tired, undressed, and went to bed.



GROUND PLAN OF ROAD HILL HOUSE

She did not wake till about five next morning, when she noticed that the clothes had fallen off the baby, and, while raising herself to reach the cot for the purpose of covering the mite up, she noticed that Savile, the four-year-old boy, was not in his bed. This did not alarm her, for she knew that Mrs. Kent was always very fidgety about her children, and frequently came into the nursery at night to look at them, and on several occasions had taken one of them back to her own bedroom with her. This seemed the most natural solution of the case on this occasion, for the little boy had been taking medicine, and the nurse thought that the mother had heard the child crying, and had stepped across from her own room and carried him back to bed with her. Feeling sure that this was what had occurred, she did not wake the household at that early hour, but went to sleep again, and slept till a quarter-past six.

Gough then rose, and, having dressed, read a chapter in the Bible, and said her prayers as calmly as usual, then walked across to her mistress's room to make inquiries for her little charge. She knocked at the door twice, but, receiving no answer, thought that the child and his mother were asleep, so returned to the nursery. To occupy her time till Mrs. Kent should wake, the nurse washed and dressed the baby, and tidied up the day nursery. This brought the time to about half-past seven, or a little later, so she again went to the door of her mistress's bedroom and knocked. This time there was an answer, so she inquired if Master Savile was ready to get up.

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Kent.

"Is not he in your room, ma'am?" replied the servant.

"With me?" queried Mrs. Kent. "Certainly not."

"Well, he is not in the nursery, ma'am," said Gough.

On this, Mrs. Kent hurried out of her room, and Gough ran upstairs to ask the two eldest daughters if the missing boy was with them. They knew nothing about him, and while they were talking Constance came to the door of her room, and asked what was the matter. On being told, she expressed great surprise, and said that she would be down in a moment to assist in the search.

The news of the child's disappearance spread through the house in a moment or two, and the whole household came downstairs. On entering the drawing-room, the housemaid, Sarah Cox, found the shutters unfastened, though she remembered fastening them herself on the previous night; also the door was not locked as usual, and on mentioning this to Mr. Kent he said that he had locked it before he went up to bed. Besides this, the window was pushed up a little way.

All this had been done without the apparent use of any force, such as might have been expected had a burglary taken place, and there were no traces of footsteps to be found on the flower-bed beneath the window. In

Sarah Cox finds the shutters unfastened.

spite of this pointing to the doors and windows being opened from within, Mr. Kent was certain that his son had been kidnapped from without and, naturally, his first impulse was to put the matter in the hands of the police without a moment's delay. The nearest police-station was at Frome, about three and a-half miles away; but Road, being just on the borders of Somerset and Wiltshire, was included in the jurisdiction of the Wiltshire County Constabulary, and, accordingly, Mr. Kent had his horse put to the carriage at once, and set out for Trowbridge to raise the hue and cry.

In the house a new trouble was added to the burden. We have said that Mrs. Kent was daily expecting her confinement, and her grief and agitation at the loss of her only son were so violent that it was feared that she might momentarily be brought to bed, and the life of the unborn child be sacrificed. She bitterly upbraided the poor nurse for not raising the alarm the instant she missed Savile, and, on the servant explaining why she did not do so, burst out:

"How dare you say so? You know I could not carry him!"

Eliza Gough said nothing, and at length managed to soothe her mistress, attending to her with the utmost care; for she was really fond of all the Kent family. The elder daughters were highly nervous, and almost as much upset as their stepmother; but Constance appeared to have forgotten her feud with the family, and was most helpful, a fact which rather surprised her brother William.

While Mr. Kent was away informing the police, matters were not at a standstill, for, on his way to Trowbridge, he had informed several neighbours of his loss, and volunteers from the village readily joined in the search. To two men —Benger, a small farmer, and Nutt, the local shoemaker, the search of the grounds was apportioned, while other willing yokels looked farther afield.

Thirty yards from the house, on the side opposite to the drawing-room, in a shrubbery, stood the disused closet, in which, it will be remembered, Constance hid her clothes and hair prior to her memorable jaunt to Bath. As the two searchers approached this erection, Benger declared that he had a "prediction" that they would find something in there; so they both entered.

On the floor they found a pool of congealed blood, but, the place being dark, they could not see anything else. A candle was soon procured, nothing being said to the family, for fear of raising a painful false alarm. By the light of the candle they were able to see indistinctly to the bottom of the vault below the latrine, and there they discovered a white bundle.

Very little time was lost in bringing this to the daylight, and it proved to be a small blanket, such as is used on a child's cot. Much alarmed, they opened it, and inside was the body of poor little Savile Kent, clothed in his night-shirt. His head was nearly severed from his body, and there was a ghastly wound in his chest over the heart. The body was conveyed to the house, and the dreadful news broken to the family.

Mr. Kent had not returned from Trowbridge when this appalling discovery was made, but in about half an hour he drove up, and was told by the clergyman of the village of the death of his son. Almost before the afflicted father could realise what had happened, the police appeared on the scene, in charge of Superintendent Foley, the head of the Trowbridge force, and Mr. Kent gave them permission to do whatever they thought proper in the house, and to make such examinations of the members of his household as might be expedient.

Availing himself of this permission, Superintendent Foley collected all the inmates of the house together and left them in charge of two constables, while he made a tour of the premises; then he informed them that they would all have to be searched. To this end he sent for the wives of two constables to examine the females, including all the young ladies, while he and one of his colleagues searched the men. Nothing resulted from these examinations, although the "lady constables" were so particular that they submitted every particle of the women's

Foley instructs the constables' wives to search the females.

underwear to scrutiny before they allowed their victims to return to the charge of the authorised police.

There being only two men to be searched, Foley was finished a long time before the female searchers, and he employed his time in examining the sleeping apartments of the household, in company with Mr. Parsons, a surgeon

who had been called in to examine the body of the dead child. By the time this was done it was getting late, and Mr. Parsons went away. Foley continued to rummage about the house in company with several policemen till it was time to go to bed, when he informed Mr. Kent that he proposed to secrete two constables in the kitchen for the night. Of course, anything that might lead to the discovery of the murderer of his child met with the father's ready consent, and the police were put into the kitchen without any of the family being aware of it.

As Mr. Kent was going to rest himself, he locked up the house as usual, and, whether he forgot the presence of the constables or not, he locked the kitchen door, imprisoning them both. Next morning when Foley learnt that his watchers had been as securely confined as if they were in one of his own cells, he was very indignant, but did not say what he had hoped to gain by the mysterious step he had taken. Mr. Kent explained to him that if the door had been left unlocked and any member of the house had come downstairs and noticed it they would at once have known that something was wrong, since all knew that he fastened that door nightly. With this Foley professed to be content.

On Monday, the 2nd of July, the inquest was held before the district coroner, Mr. Sylvester, at the Red Lion Inn, Road. As soon as the jury had viewed the body the inquiry was transferred to the Temperance Hall, as that building afforded more accommodation. Although barely forty-eight hours had elapsed since the discovery of the murder, popular excitement ran high and suggestions as to the actual perpetrator of the crime were freely bandied about. Mr. Kent had always been much respected, and nothing had ever been alleged against any member of his family, always excepting the childish freak of Constance and her brother; nevertheless there was a very strong impression that the criminal was not only an inmate of Road Hill House, but actually a member of the Kent family. The Temperance Hall, therefore, was crowded to its utmost capacity with eager listeners.

The only witnesses called were the nurse, the housemaid, the men who found the body, Superintendent Foley, and Mr. Parsons, but even their plain statements of the facts, as we have just set them forth, were interrupted by unseemly remarks and cries of "Hear, hear!" In spite of the deep affliction of the family, some of the spectators even went so far as to make insulting suggestions, and it was as much as the coroner could do to preserve even the semblance of order.

Mr. Kent, though not summoned as a witness, offered to give evidence of the facts as far as they lay within his knowledge, but the coroner declined to hear him, saying that in his opinion sufficient evidence had been given. On this some of the jury insisted on hearing the evidence of Constance and William Kent, though what there was to connect them with the case, except local prejudice, no one could say. As the jurymen still held out for their right, Mr. Sylvester informed them that he would not submit such youthful witnesses to the insults of the crowd, but that he and the jury would proceed to Road Hill House and take the evidence there. This they did, but obtained no fresh particulars. On returning to the Hall the coroner charged the jury, saying that there was really no evidence against anybody, and that no possible motive for such a dastardly crime had been suggested, accordingly he instructed them to return a verdict of "Wilful Murder against some person unknown," which they did.

This result was received with the greatest dissatisfaction, the coroner being accused of "burking" the evidence. In Road, as in every tiny village, the rustic mind decided that if a murder had been committed everybody in any way connected with the victim was a suspect and should be at once arrested and placed on his trial. Fol-

lowing out this idea, suspicion was first attached to Eliza Gough, who was arrested and brought before the magistrates, but no evidence of any kind could be brought against her, and she was very soon released.

By this time the whole country was clamouring for the capture of Savile Kent's murderer, and strong comments were made in the daily Press on the inertness of the police. This led to Scotland Yard determining that it was time for them to take over the investigation which had produced no tangible results while in the hands of the county constabulary, and on the 15th of July Inspector Whicher, of the Metropolitan Detective Force, was sent down to Road to see what he could make of the case.

In those days there was very little love lost between the provincial and the metropolitan police, and Whicher, finding that he could get little help from Superintendent Foley, set about the case in his own fashion. He soon

obtained an account of the family relations in the Kent family, and appeared to be highly amused at the trip to Bath undertaken by the two youngest members of the Deputy Inspector's first family. To this he added the coincidence that on the only two occasions on which there had been talk about the family, missing goods had been found in the latrine vault—on the first occasion, clothes and human hair, on the second a blanket and a human body.

This was not much to go upon, but soon he heard from the servants of a little dispute which had taken place on the Monday following the committal of the murder. It transpired that the laundry woman called as usual at Road Hill House to fetch the washing, and on bringing it home found that although a night-dress belonging to Miss Constance Kent was entered in the list of dirty clothes it was not in the basket. So she went back to the house on the following morning and pointed the discrepancy out to Mrs. Kent. Now on several previous occasions there had been complaints made by the Kents concerning articles of clothing lost in the wash, and Mrs. Kent was a little suspicious about the genuineness of this complaint. The housemaid who had packed up the basket was called and questioned, and declared positively that she remembered putting Miss Constance's night-gown into the basket. After this apparent proof of the washerwoman's dishonesty, Mr. Kent was appealed to and he told her that unless the missing garment was produced in forty-eight hours he would call in the police and take out a search warrant against her.

Of all these facts Superintendent Foley was fully cognisant, but they do not appear to have impressed him in the least; at any rate, he made no mention of them to the inspector, and took no action himself. To the trained detective, however, they had a certain significance, so he called the housemaid, and, without giving her any hint of what he was driving at, got her to describe as accurately as she could exactly how she packed the basket, and how long it took her, etc.

Out of a great mass of irrelevant matter concerning the arrangement which Sarah Cox made for packing the dirty linen, and the order in which she put the various garments into piles and thence into the basket, Whicher sorted out the following facts:

When the housemaid had finished sorting the clothes, and had made her list and started putting them into the linen baskets, Miss Constance came into the lumber-room on the first floor, and asked her to look in her slip-pocket, as she fancied that she had left her purse in it. Cox looked into the basket, into which she had already placed Constance's linen, and, having found where her clothes were, got hold of the slip, but could not find the purse. As soon as she had replaced the garment with the others belonging to the young lady, Constance asked her to go down and fetch her a glass of water. She did so, and, after an absence of about half a minute, returned with the water, which her young mistress drank, and then ran up to her own room by the back stairs. Cox continued putting the soiled linen belonging to the other members of the family into the basket.

To elicit this much only took Inspector Whicher one day. On the next he called at Road Hill House again, and asked to see Miss Constance. She came down to the library where he was, and he showed her the linen list, which had been obtained from Cox. On this list it was shown that Constance had three night-dresses.

"No; I only have two," was the young lady's reply. "The third was lost in the wash the week of the murder."

Not wishing to make a false move, or, what is equally bad, a precipitate one, Whicher instituted an elaborate search for the missing garment, but was unsuccessful. He then became convinced that in Constance Kent he had discovered the culprit, and arrested her on July 20. Constance cried, and declared that she was not guilty, begging to be left at home; but the police officer would not listen to her, and carried her off to Devizes Gaol in a cab. Thus the second arrest in the celebrated Road Case was effected.

A Lesson in Cow Stealing.

DANIEL O'CONNELL once defended a cow stealer who was, however, convicted and transported for fourteen years. In due time, his sentence having expired, he returned to Dublin, and meeting the great Dan one day, commenced talking of the trial. O'Connell reminded him that the evidence was to the effect that he had, on the occasion in question, stolen the fattest cows, and he asked him how he contrived it.

"Why, then, I will tell your honour the whole secret of that, sir. Whenever your honour goes to steal a cow always go on the worst night you can, for if the weather is very bad the chances are that nobody will be up to see your honour. The way you'll always know the fat cattle in the dark is by this token—that the fat cows always stand out in the more exposed places, but the lean ones always go into the ditch for shelter."

"So," remarked O'Connell, when recounting the story, "I got that lesson in cow-stealing gratis from my worthy client."

THE WAYS OF THE CRIMINAL

XVIII. RACECOURSE PESTS.

The Three-Card Trickster, The Thimble-Rigger, and Others.

PERHAPS the best-known swindle of the racecourse is the three-card trick. It has earned more money than any other device, and it is as flourishing to-day as ever it was. Last Derby Day it was in full swing in several places on Epsom Downs, and it was worked in many of the trains which took crowds of racegoers to and from London and the scene of the contest.

Practically, the operation of the trick is confined to race-meetings and country fairs, and the amount of money which accrues to the swindlers is really astonishing.

A three-card trickster of course always works with confederates, who assist him in his operations. The trick scarcely needs explaining. The cards used include the queen of any suit (sometimes a king is preferred) and two ordinary number cards. These are laid on a table or an opened umbrella, the handle of which is thrust into the turf, and the operator proceeds to invite people to "spot the lydy," or the king, as the case may be. In throwing the cards, the operator to all appearances exposes the picture, so that anyone may see where it falls; but here, as in the thimble-rigging, the quickness of the hand deceives the eye, and the picture is never found where it is supposed to be. The trick is, of course, pure sleight of hand, very cleverly performed, with the odds always on the operator, whose "pals" add a number of ingenious "trimmings" to the trick.

Take, for instance, the scene in a railway carriage. The manipulator produces the cards and invites some one to have

The Three-Card Spoof.

a game. No one, however, appears anxious, until a bucolic-looking individual in the corner becomes interested, and wants to know what kind of a game is being played.

The game is explained, and the yokel, who, it is scarcely necessary to explain, is a confederate, tries his luck. He risks a bet of half-a-crown, and turns up the queen at the first attempt. Promptly the manipulator passes the bet, and the yokel keeps on winning until the other passengers show

"Now me gallant sportsmen!"

signs of joining in. The other confederates—one, probably, a smart-looking young man about town, and the other with clerical-cut clothes—also join in and win, and then some of the victims have a go. Immediately the luck of the manipulator turns. The queen becomes coy and shy, and eludes every attempt of the speculators to find her. The confederates taking the lead, endeavour to pick out the right card, but fail, and hand over their money to the operator, who invites them to try again. Flash bank-notes change hands as the confederates begin to bet heavily, and then, as a large sum in flash notes depends upon the turn of the card, and there are only a couple of small bets from the outsiders, up comes the queen. The manipulator pays out with a good grace, and the strangers who have won a few shillings endeavour to add to their gains, and next time increase their bets. The queen, however, is again stricken with an attack of modesty, and cannot be found. This happens two or three times, and then as the strangers show signs of having had enough, the young man about town lures them on to further efforts. For a moment the manipulator's attention is turned away from the cards, and his smart-looking confederate, leaning forward, either turns down the corner of the queen or puts a bit of dirt on the back of the card. He winks at the others as he does so, and then the manipulator, turning back to the cards, proceeds to shuffle and throw them. Either it is not the queen which has been marked, or else the manipulator changes the mark to one of the other cards. Sometimes the queen is marked, but then the manipulator cleverly palms it and substitutes it for another of the same suit. The victims, who think they have a certain win, bet with freedom, and are very crestfallen when, on turning up the marked card, they find that it is not the queen.

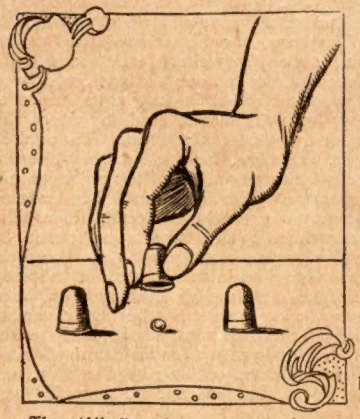
So the game goes on until the train stops, and the victims have been practically cleaned out. Then the gang retire to a quiet public house and share their spoil.

It is not often that three-card tricksters are themselves victimised, but for some years they were cleverly fleeced by one of themselves.

The man who managed this was one of the smartest card manipulators known, but one day he was pounced upon by the police, and eventually found himself in jail. Now, this man was fond of good living, and the hard fare of the prison

affected him much more than the confinement So he meditated and resolved not to risk imprisonment again. His quick wits quickly developed a promising plan of campaign, and when he regained his liberty he at once proceeded to put his scheme into operation.

Telling his pals that he had "turned up the game," he went into seclusion for a while. He occupied many hours during his retreat in altering his personal appearance, and when next he ventured into the haunts of his former acquaintances there was little of the smart-looking manipulator about him. On the contrary, the impression was immediately conveyed that he was a "mug" of the first water.



The middle finger is apparently placed over the pea, but——

Our hero joined the ranks of the pigeons, but, strangely enough, did not lose. Whenever he had a big stake down the queen turned up, and the first time he worked the dodge—it was in a train on the way to Leicester races—he stripped the manipulator, who, not accustomed to this sort of experience, lost his temper.

Threats of the police, however, kept him quiet, but when, during the races, he and his confederates, having secured more money—how they managed it is quite another story—they resumed operations, the supposed "jay" was taken on again. The swindlers hoped to get some of their money back, but again the mug won. Sometimes he staked on the card with the corners turned, at other times he betted lightly on the mud-marked "leaf," but whenever he had a big stake down he invariably turned the queen.

In this way he made the round of the race-meetings, varying his make-up whenever it suited him to do so, sometimes appearing as a parson, and at other times as a sporting navvy, or a farm labourer with money to lose. After some years of this practice, during which he won a considerable sum of money, he gave the game away (he had found a more profitable way, and fully explained how he had managed to win with such regularity.

He knew that if he could mark the queen without the manipulator becoming aware of the fact he could win as he pleased. For a long time he puzzled his brains to find a method of accomplishing this successfully. Then at last he hit on a bright idea, resolving to mark the queen with a tiny spot of blood squeezed out of a pin prick in his fingers. This served satisfactorily enough until he remembered that after the operator's pals had marked the queen the card was always changed for another. So then he decided that the best way to mark the queen was not to mark it. Therefore he resolved to put a spot of blood on each of the other cards. Then the swindlers could change the queen as often as they liked, for it would always remain the card without the spot of blood. His method when at work was to examine the cards which the tricksters were using, and then mark both the number cards with the blood from his pricked finger. To anyone but the man himself the mark was practically invisible—certainly his game was never suspected.

In reality the pea is lifted between the second and third fingers.

Now we come to another sleight-of-hand merchant who frequents racecourses, viz., the thimble-rigger. Though he fleeces people by the score, he gives them something for their money, for his performance is exceedingly clever. His outfit consists of a flat board, a pair of small trestles, upon which the former is placed, three thimbles, and the elusive pea. Sometimes the pea is a pea, at other times it is a soft ball of indiarubber.

The trick looks easy and simple to perform. As a matter of fact, it is exceedingly easy when you know how to do it, but to successfully accomplish it you must spend many hours in practice.

The thimble-rigger spreads out his plant, and at once invites the noble sportsmen who surround his pitch to find the pea. "I'll bet any sportsman anything from a tanner to a tenner he can't tell the thimble the pea is under," is his cry as he ostentatiously puts the pea under the middle thimble. So obviously is the pea placed in the centre that there are always plenty of people willing to back themselves to find it. And when the bets have been made, one of the mugs lifts the middle thimble and finds "there ain't no pea." The swindler turns up the other two thimbles and discloses the pea under whichever one he chooses to place it. It is hardly necessary to say that when the bets are being made the pea is not under either of the thimbles. It reposes securely and secretly between the middle fingers of the swindler's right hand. When he places the thimble over the pea, the cover is tilted forward so that the rim nearest the spectators touches the table first. The thimble is held between the thumb and first finger—the second and third fingers, as in the illustration, steal in and lift the pea. When the mug lifts the thimble, he finds an empty space. The swindler lifts the two remaining thimbles with a sweeping movement, at the same time dropping the pea under one of them. The indiarubber pea makes matters a trifle easier for the swindler, who is able to squeeze it into a small space between his fingers.

In another form the pea (made of soft rubber) is squeezed out and "palmed."

The trick reminds one of a swindle which was worked for all it was worth during the Boer War. The stock-in-trade of the operator was a clay pipe and a confederate. The stem of the pipe was broken off close to the bowl, and a small piece of the stem was firmly wedged into the bottom. Another small piece of stem was also brought into use, and served to represent a British general. Entering a public-house, the swindler commenced a conversation on the war, and incidentally mentioned the little trick he had just seen worked in a neighbouring hostelry. He explained that the pipe, placing it upside down upon the counter, represented a blockhouse. Then, producing the second of the small pieces of stem, and standing it upright, he announced that that represented a British general. This gallant officer was covered by the pipe bowl, and the swindler then remarked that it was quite impossible for Boer shells to reach it. "You saw it standing up," says he. "Now, I'll let you lift the bowl, and it will be lying down thus, representing a dead general." At this moment he would turn away to get a match or take a pull at his drink, whilst his confederate, who had been in the public-house before him, and who posed as an interested spectator, lifted the pipe and took the imitation general away. Instantly the swindler turned and repeated the statement that the general would be found lying down, offered to bet that such would be the case.

There are always plenty of people in existence who are only too ready to take advantage of a man's misfortunes, and thus it happened that, with an apparent certainty before them, many bets were forthcoming. When the wagering was over, the swindler would gently tap the bowl of the pipe, and, lifting it, disclose the "general" (the second piece of stem) lying upon the counter. And having drawn his bets, he would vanish to pastures new.

SIR THOMAS MORE, the famous Chancellor, who preserved his humour and wit to the last moment, when he came to be executed on Tower Hill, the headsman demanded his upper garment as a fee. "Ah, friend," said he, taking off his cap, "that, I think, is my upper garment."

The Wilkes Riots.

"What means this shouting! I do fear the people."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Julius Cæsar," Act I., Sc. 2.

THE year 1768 will ever be famous in British annals on account of the murders and mischief achieved by a deluded and ignorant mob, urged to wild courses by the written and spoken words of one John Wilkes, Member of Parliament at the time for Aylesbury.

This person openly advocated the "red ruin and breaking up of laws" which our last great laureate spoke of. He had no respect for the laws of God and no feelings but contempt for those of man. His writings appealed to the basest passions of mankind, advocating as they did an armed opposition to all social restraint and a return to the customs of the primitive savage. His books were besides coarse and indelicate to the last degree. They openly scoffed at all that is held sacred by the right-thinking portion of the human race. They parodied the Scriptures and travestied the teachings of religion. They did, for a time at least, an infinitude of harm, and have since sufficed to cover the name of John Wilkes with opprobrium and infamy.

The most scandalous and offensive of this man's writings appeared in No. 45 of a periodical publication called the "North Briton," and in a pamphlet entitled, "An Essay on Woman," which was a parody on Pope's celebrated work, and was frankly and unashamedly indecent.

Like most agitators of his class, Mr. Wilkes was "agin the Government," and in this publication he particularly singled out Samuel Martin, Esq., member for Camelford, and Secretary to the Treasury, for his vituperative spleen. This gentleman did not suffer the writer's taunts and vilifications to go unpunished. He called out his lampooner, and in the duel that followed succeeded in lodging a bullet in Mr. Wilkes's anatomy, from the wound made by which the latter did not recover for a considerable period. His punishment did not, however, end here, for the Attorney-General filed informations against him as author of the objectionable writings, and the paper the "North Briton" was ordered to be burnt by the common executioner at the Royal Exchange. In the meanwhile, Wilkes was apprehended on these charges, and all his papers having been seized and his premises searched, he was lodged in the Tower, but was soon granted the privilege of bail. Before his trial came on, however, Mr. Wilkes—considering discretion the better part of valour—fled to France on the pretext of his injured health, and as soon as he had left his country for his country's good steps were taken to make him an outlaw; he was dismissed from a command in the militia and expelled from his seat in Parliament.

Arriving in Paris, he was at once challenged to a duel by one Captain Forbes, who objected to his reflections upon the Scottish character—Mr. Wilkes shared with the author of the modern "Unspeakable Scot" a great dislike to the land o' Burns and cakes—but Wilkes declined to meet the gal-

HOW THE MOB RAN LOOSE IN THE STREETS.

lant Scotchman, alleging that he had other encounters of a similar character on hand. Later, he wrote accepting Captain Forbes's challenge, but that fire-eater was not then to be found.

Wilkes then returned to London and gave notice that he should appear on a certain day to answer the charges against him, and he then took his place in the Guildhall as an alderman. Driving back to his house he encountered a mob of people, who took the horses from the carriage and drew the latter along themselves with shouts for "Wilkes and Liberty."

On February 21, 1764, the trial of Mr. Wilkes upon the accusations alleged against him came on before Lord Mansfield, and he was found guilty, subject to arguments as to the validity of his apprehension, the seizure of his papers, and the judgment of outlawry which had been given against him. The discussion of these points occupied no less a period than two years, and meanwhile the popularity of Wilkes with the heedless mob daily increased, as did, proportionately, the outrages of his sympathisers amongst the dissolute and ignorant.

Matters culminated on April 27, 1768, when Mr. Wilkes, having been served with a writ of capias ut legatum, was brought to the floor of the Court of King's Bench, in the custody of the officials, in order that the question of bail might be considered and discussed. A long argument took place, the Crown demanding the offender's incarceration, and ultimately he was conveyed as a prisoner to the King's Bench gaol. On his way thither he was actually rescued by the mob, who took the horses from the vehicle and dragged it to a public-house in Spitalfields, where he remained for some hours; but he did not avail himself long of his freedom, and that night he proceeded to the prison and surrendered himself into lawful custody. Next day he was visited by many of his followers and friends and, a vast crowd having assembled outside the prison, it was feared that some outrage might be attempted. Nothing untoward transpired till night, however, when the rails which surrounded the prison walls were pulled up and burnt, and the householders of the district forced to illuminate their premises. A captain's guard of soldiers was sent for, and then the crowd dispersed in a fairly orderly manner.

On April 28 it was decided that the sentence of outlawry must be reversed, and the general warrant on which the accused had been arrested was declared to be an illegal document. The counsel for the Crown then moved that judgment might be passed upon Mr. Wilkes upon the several convictions which had taken place, but this was answered by a motion on his part in arrest of judgment, and the point, it was arranged, should be further considered on the following Thursday.

During these abortive proceedings a huge throng had congregated outside the court whom it was found impossible to control or disperse, and at length the justices appeared, protected by a troop of soldiers, who, however, quite failed to scare away the sullen and revengeful mob. The multitude was addressed by several officials and implored to go quietly away, but, persuasion proving perfectly futile, the Riot Act was read, and, this also proving ineffectual to disperse the crowd, the military were ordered to fire. The command was obeyed with seeming alacrity, and many persons were killed and dangerously wounded.

At length the day arrived when a final decision was to be arrived at in the case of the cause of all this disturbance, and after much learned argument on both sides, he was found to have been legally convicted of writing the libels. For the political diatribe in the "North Briton" he was fined £500 and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the King's Bench Prison, and for the disgraceful "Essay on Woman" £500 more, a further detention of twelve months, and to find security for his good behaviour for seven years.

Previous to this sentence, Mr. Wilkes had been elected member for Middlesex, and in connection with this election some disgraceful scenes took place, the mob proceeding to the commission of the most violent outrages. One of their first visits was to the house of the Prime Minister, Lord Bute, where they wreaked their vengeance on all the windows, and hooted the inmates to their hearts' content. From there they made their way citywards, appearing at the Mansion House, where again the windows suffered, even those of the lady mayoress's bedroom being smashed to atoms. They forced an entrance into many of the houses in the city, compelling the inhabitants to illuminate in honour of the new member for the county. "Wilkes and Liberty!" was the rallying cry of these marauders, and all those who refused to echo the sentiment were knocked down and brutally treated. The outrages of the populace went even further than this, several innocent persons being killed, and vast numbers wounded. They broke windows without number, destroyed furniture, raided shops, and even insulted royalty itself. Great numbers broke into the public-houses and inns of the city, and sought and found new courage and fresh desperation in raw spirits. Near St. Paul's might have been seen a mob of men, armed with torches and weapons of all description, receiving costly articles of furniture which their fellows hurled into the street from the houses they had entered, and which they in their turn proceeded to smash to splinters with their staves and hatchets. Barrels of ardent spirits were opened, and the contents allowed to flow into the gutter. One or two houses were set fire to, and drunken persons were trampled to death as they lay, unconscious of these horrors, helpless in the roadway.

These disgraceful tumults, which the authorities appear to have taken little steps to subdue, were not confined to the metropolis, the scenes of violence which took place in London being repeated, on a lesser scale, in some of the great provincial towns. Even the two arms of the service were affected. Sailors went in a body, many thousands strong, to St. James's Palace, with drums beating and colours flying, and presented a petition to the king praying for a relief of grievances. Two days later, in greatly increased strength, they proceeded to Palace Yard in order to petition Parliament for increased wages; but they dispersed with cheers on being harangued by two gentlemen who promised that their petition should be considered and replied to in due time. A short time afterwards, however, they re-assembled at Limehouse, and boarding several outward-bound vessels, seized their crews, pretending that they would not suffer any ships to sail until the desired increase of wages had been granted. The watermen, the Spitalfields weavers, the sawyers, the hatters, and the labouring classes generally, all combined in the attempt to procure a higher wage; but they soon discovered the error of their ways, and a few of them having suffered execution, and others sentenced to severe punishment, they returned to their duty.

The folly of popular commotion—especially when, as in this case, employed on behalf of an unworthy object—was never better illustrated than in the instance of John Wilkes, who really entertained a profound contempt for the noisy mob who made of him a martyr. However, with his imprisonment the commotion soon subsided, and almost his name even had been forgotten when in 1797 his death was announced at the age of seventy years.

A Judge's Seasickness.

Sir George Rose had a friend who had received an appointment as judge in one of the Colonies, and who, some months afterwards, was describing his sufferings on the voyage when he first went out. Sir George listened with great attention, and very sympathetically, to the account of these sufferings, and then said drily: "It's a great mercy you did not throw up your appointment!"

A Legal Puzzle.

To Demosthenes belongs the credit of having invented a puzzle which has worried lawyers for centuries. It is this: If a man hires an ass, does he also hire the shadow of that ass? The point being whether a man can be sued for trespass when sitting under the shadow of an article which is his own, though the shadow is not cast on his own ground.

Cleverer Than His Father.

Justice Willes, the son of Chief Justice Willes, was in the habit of interrupting counsel when addressing him, and by that habit gave offence to many members of the bar. On one occasion a barrister of eminence was irritated by this practice to make a sharp retort, and wound up by saying that, "Your lordship doubtless shows greater acuteness even than your father, the Chief Justice, for he used to understand me after I had done, but your lordship understands me even before I have begun."

He Hadn't Heard Him.

Tom Gold, the Irish lawyer, was once interrupted by Judge Fletcher, just as he had entered upon an argument about the jury deciding the fact, etc. Being annoyed at the interruption, and wishing to rebuke the judge, as far as he dared, Gold said: "My lord, Lord Mansfield was remarkable for the patience with which he heard the counsel that addressed him."

"He never heard you, Mr. Gold," was the crushing retort of the judge, with a sarcastic brogue.

In 1880 the ratio of ages in local prisons was as follows: Under 21 years, 20.6; 21 to 40, 54.7; 41 to 60, 20.8; over 60, 3.9.

The Trals and . . Tortures of De La Tide.

THE VENGEANCE OF A KING'S MISTRESS.

"What a sympathy of woe is this!
'Far from help as limbo is from bliss!"
—TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ART I.

MANY are the tales of vengeance recorded in the archives connected with our British royal houses, but in so far as our monarchs for at least three centuries past have not been dominated by mistresses to such an extent as the rulers of other European countries, our history is comparatively free from the ugly blots which disfigure the annals of other realms. It is of one of those stains upon the page of humanity that we would write.

Henri Masères de la Tude was born on March 25, 1725, at a château near Montagnac, in the south of France, the seat of his father, the Marquis de la Tude, a knight of the military order of St. Louis, and lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of dragoons. Young Henri was educated in a manner befitting his rank, which, according to the customs of France at that time, made it a matter of course that he should follow his father's profession. His taste for mathematics led him to the engineering branch of military science, and at the age of 22 he was admitted a supernumerary officer, under a friend of his father, the commandant of Bergen-op-Zoom.

Unfortunately for so ardent and restless a spirit, the peace of 1748 came to prevent his being actively employed, and he was sent, in consequence, to Paris, to perfect both his mathematical and general education. Had his laudable ambition confined itself to proficiency in these studies, when opportunity for their exercise should arrive, all his subsequent misfortunes might have been avoided; nor must pity of the sincerest kind for their unparalleled depth and bitterness, and just horror at the cruelty of the authors of them, blind us to their being, in the first instance, the consequence of attempting to rise in the world by crooked and unjustifiable means.

The profligate monarch who then ruled in France, Louis XV., was governed by a woman of the most imperious and vindictive character—the infamous Marchioness de Pompadour—who, while she did not hesitate to sacrifice, for the slightest offence, or most trifling personal reflection on herself, the chief ministers of the king and first personages in the State, thought nothing of dooming to perpetual imprisonment, and worse than death, whole hosts of minor offenders against her pride and ill-acquired power. It was on this woman's suspicious jealousy that La Tude built an ambitious speculation, which, cruelly turning against himself, formed the misfortune of his whole life, though its comparative harmlessness, and the boyish simplicity with which it was planned and conducted, would, in a less vindictive quarter, have subjected him to no worse punishment than disappointment, or, at most, a severe reprimand.

One day in the month of April, 1749, when seated on a bench in the Tuilleries, he overheard two men expressing in the most unmeasured terms the hatred and indignation then so general against Mdme. de Pompadour, and the project crossed his brain which he, so fatally for himself, proceeded to execute, namely, to gain by the denunciation of a pretended plot against her life her all-powerful protection. He accordingly put his scheme in training. His pretended revelations were too shallow to escape detection. The marchioness at once discovered the trick attempted to be put on her, and revenged the affront by causing its unsuspicious author to be taken into custody. By one of those lettres-de-cachet (sealed orders from the Crown), which she could procure at pleasure, La Tude was arrested on May 1, and conducted to the Bastille, the prison-fortress of Paris; there, without form of trial or means of communication with the world, to be immured for years, perhaps for life.

Overwhelming as was this incarceration, the evils were so softened to him by the kindness of the lieutenant of police, Monsieur Berryer, who granted him the society of a fellow-prisoner, and by the hopes, so natural to youth, of a speedy emancipation, that he seems to have suffered far more acutely on his transfer, at the end of four months, to the prison of Vincennes—not only from the inference the removal gave rise to of protracted captivity, but from its coming upon him in the deceptive guise of liberation.

In the month of September, 1749, three turnkeys came into the prison, and one of them, addressing La Tude, told him the order for his release had arrived, and, to do him justice, one of his first thoughts was the hope of being able to procure the boon of liberty for his companion in misfortune.

Hardly, however, had he crossed the threshold of the Bastille than he was told he was to be transferred to Vincennes. The despair and horror caused by this intelligence were indescribable.

In his new prison he fell sick, but his old friend, Monsieur Berryer, came to his relief, and made him as comfortable as might be. Beyond the loss of liberty, he seems to have been tolerably well off, for he had the most cheerful apartment in the fortress, from which he enjoyed a magnificent view, and every day he was taken to a garden within the walls, by Monsieur Berryer's orders, where, for his health's sake, he was left for some time.

Thoughts of escape now began to haunt his brain, and he was not long in devising a plan by which they could be carried out.

In an adjoining garden to that in which he took exercise an old priest, confined for heresy, walked his daily round. Sometimes a brother clergyman from without, named the Abbé de St. Sauveur, had permission to accompany the imprisoned ecclesiastic. Besides this, the captive priest gave lessons to the turnkey's children, so that the youngsters and the clerical visitor came and went without exciting much attention.

Two turnkeys generally came to take La Tude for his airing, but sometimes the elder one would wait for him in the garden, while the younger went alone to open the door.

La Tude accustomed the young gaoler for some days to see him get quickly down the stairs as soon as his door was opened, when he would run on to the elder turnkey, waiting in the garden, with whom the other always found him. This established confidence.

One day, however, when his door was opened, he rushed downstairs so rapidly that he was at the foot before the gaoler had thought of following him. There was a door there which La Tude at once bolted behind him, cutting off communication with the outside, and thus giving the prisoner time to execute the project he had in his mind. He had four sentries to deceive. The first was at an outer door leading from the tower, which was, of course, locked. La Tude knocked, and the sentry opened. Thereupon the escaping prisoner eagerly inquired after the Abbé de St. Sauveur.

"Our priest," said the cunning rascal, "has been waiting for him these two hours in the garden, and I am running after him in vain everywhere. If I catch him I'll make him pay for my chase!"

Thus saying, he kept moving rapidly on, and at the extremity of the archway, under the clock, found a second sentry. He asked him as quietly as he could, "If it were long since M. de St. Sauveur had left?" To which the sentry replied that he knew nothing about him, and allowed La Tude to pass on. He put the same question to the third sentinel on the farther side of the drawbridge, and obtained the same reply. "Oh, I cannot fail soon to find him!" exclaimed the fugitive, transported with joy. He ran and skipped like a child towards the fourth sentry, who, far from so much as suspecting that he saw before him a prisoner, seemed to trouble his head as little as the others why the man was so eagerly in chase of the good abbé.

La Tude crossed the threshold of the gate and was free. He flew, and was soon out of sight

It was on June 25, 1750, after nine months' detention at Vincennes, that La Tude contrived to escape. He pursued his flight through fields and vineyards, keeping at the greatest possible distance from the high road, and eventually reached Paris, where he shut himself up in an obscure lodging.

What to do next was the question which troubled him. He knew that he would be strictly sought after, so, in his extremity, and the confidence of his youth and inexperience, he resolved upon a course which was, perhaps, the most unfortunate he could have chosen. He determined to sue for pity and pardon. Instead, however, of petitioning the arrogant mistress, he addressed himself to the monarch. This, of course, was looked upon by the offended lady as a slight, and she became more incensed than ever.

In his memorial he had told his enemies where to find him, and it was not long before they had him back in the Bastille. Now, for the first time, he was thrown into a literal dungeon, the horrors of which, however, were somewhat mitigated by the good M. Berryer, who, though he could not remove him from it, allowed him his former diet. There was a small loophole, affording light to his dismal cell, and, on the authority of the lieutenant, he was supplied with pen, ink and paper.

After six months of solitary confinement in his noisome abode, he had the inexpressible folly one day to inscribe some satirical verses on the authoress of his misery upon the margin of a book. These were shown to Madame de Pompadour, and her rage at the fresh insult amounted to frenzy.

"THAT TRUNK CONTAINS MORE THAN A THOUSAND FEET OF ROPE."

He remained for eighteen months in the dungeon before M. Berryer even dared to take upon himself the responsibility of transferring him to an upper chamber; in addition to which kindness, he was permitted the luxury of an attendant, the expense being defrayed by his father. The poor lad, however, who was compelled to share his confinement, sank under the rigid prison discipline and died. He was then given as a companion a man of about his own age, guilty of the same crime as himself and the victim of the same persecution. Young D'Allégre, who was, like De la Tude, a native of the south of France, had languished for three years in the Bastille for having offended Mdme. de Pompadour by tendering her some wholesome advice regarding her unblushing conduct.

The two young fellows, both favourites of M. Berryer, urged him to endeavour to obtain their release. It was then that the dreadful truth escaped him that nothing but the death or disgrace of their vindictive persecutress could possibly break their fetters.

To this reply there remained but two alternatives—death or escape. The latter was the one chosen. But such were the precautions taken in this most horrible of all prisons the world has ever known to guard against the breaking forth

of any prisoner that the design seemed to savour of insanity; nevertheless, these intrepid youths conceived the project in cool blood, and set to work to carry it out.

It was La Tude, the engineer, who hit upon a plan. They had in their room a chimney, which rose to the height of the topmost tower of the building; but, like all others in the prison, it was full of tiers of bars and gratings, which, in some places, hardly left room even for the passage of the smoke. Granting they could reach its summit, there would remain beneath them a couple of hundred feet of sheer

Fluttered in the air at every motion.

descent, with a deep fosse at the bottom of it, from which rose an excessively high wall it would be indispensable to their safety to scale. They were alone, without tools, without materials, watched every hour of the day and night by spies, and surrounded by sentries, with which the fortress seemed actually encompassed.

Such were the difficulties to be encountered that D'Allégre became discouraged and sank into a state of apathy, but De la Tude was made of sterner stuff and set all his wits to work.

The first object of their solicitude was to find a hiding-place for their tools and materials, supposing they had the ingenuity to procure any. By dint of reflection La Tude hit on a happy thought. Having inhabited at different times various rooms in the Bastille, he generally heard equally well any noise made by those beneath and those overhead. Now, though aware from other circumstances that, in his present domicile, there was someone in the room beneath him, he could never hear him move, and, on calculation, it occurred to him that there must probably be a double flooring, with some space between.

The plan he fell on to ascertain this was as follows: the permission to attend mass in a chapel containing four little closets, where the prisoners could neither see nor be seen by the priest, was a rare privilege in the Bastille, and had been granted by M. Berryer to D'Allégre, La Tude, and the inhabitant of the room below theirs. In returning from the chapel La Tude instructed D'Allégre to draw out with his handkerchief and suffer to roll down the steps some little article from his pocket, and, while the turnkey went in search of it, the former would have an opportunity for a hasty glance into room No. 3. It sufficed to show him that its height did not exceed ten feet, and, on reckoning up 32 steps, each about half a foot high, from its threshold to theirs, he became convinced that there must be between their floor and its ceiling a vacant space of about five feet in depth. No sooner were the bolts drawn on them than De la Tude took D'Allégre round the neck and embraced him in all the intoxication of hope and confidence.

"Courage and patience, my friend!" he exclaimed, "and we are saved, for we can now conceal our materials!"

"What! dreaming still?" replied he sadly. "You talk of materials. Where on earth are they to be found?"

"Why, as for ropes, that trunk of mine contains more than a thousand feet of them!" answered La Tude, full of his own idea, and talking like one inspired. "Don't you know it is stuffed full of linen—thirteen dozen and a-half of shirts, a quantity of towels, stockings, nightcaps, and other things? We have only to unravel them to have lots of rope!"

D'Allégre, roused as with a thunder-clap, shook off his lethargy and entered into all his companion's plans and ideas. But he was far from keeping pace with them, and inquired how they could create all that they so much required.

"My friend," said La Tude, "it is the office of genius to create, and we have in despair a powerful auxiliary. Once more I tell you we are saved!"

They had a camp table, supported on two iron clamps, which they sharpened to an edge on the stones of the hearth. Out of the steel of a tinder-box they fashioned in a couple of hours a very tolerable knife, with which they made handles to their clamps, the chief use of which would be to extract the iron bars from the chimney. At eight, when the last inspection of the day was over, they raised by means of the clamps a square of the tiled floor, and dug away so manfully at the support on which it rested that in six hours they had ascertained the truth of the engineer's conjecture, and found a hollow of about four feet between the two storeys. They then replaced the square, which had no appearance of ever having been moved.

They now set to work to unrip the sewing of two shirts, which they unravelled thread by thread, tying them one by one as they proceeded, and winding them, first on so many little balls, and afterwards on two large ones. Each of these had 50 strands, 60 feet long, which, when twisted, gave them a rope of about 55 feet, with which they made a 20 feet ladder, intended to climb up to tear down the gratings of the chimneys.

This proved to be the most troublesome and painful job of all, and cost them six months of the most arduous labour. The bars were fixed in an extremely hard cement, which they had no way of softening but by squirting water from their mouths into the holes they had previously bored; and well pleased they were when in a night they had got through an eighth of an inch of the cement. They could only work in the most constrained positions imaginable, which they never could endure beyond an hour, and they never came down but with bleeding hands. Then, as soon as they had got out one iron bar, it had to be carefully replaced in its socket, so that, in the inspection to which they were every moment liable, nothing might betray them.

At the end of six months of this cruel operation they set about the wooden ladder which they would need to get up from the ditch to the parapet, and from the parapet into the governor's garden, and which required to be from 20 to 25 feet long. They devoted to it the wood allowed for their fire, which was in billets from 18 to 20 inches. But there were parts of this job for which a saw was indispensable, so La Tude manufactured one out of an iron candlestick with the

remainder of the steel out of which he had obtained his knife. With these tools they pared down their billets to the requisite thickness, made mortices and tenons to fasten their steps, 20 in number, into the single rail of their ladder, which was itself three inches thick, so that each step projected six inches on either side of it. Every separate part of the ladder had a twine to fasten it into its place, so that they could easily put it together during the night; and as fast as they completed one portion they secreted it carefully between the floors.

There was one danger always to be guarded against. Independent of the visits at all hours to which, during the day, they were subject, the turnkeys, all privileged spies, made a point of listening to the prisoners' discourse, every word of which was reported, as La Tude had himself cruelly experienced. Now, in addition to working only at night, and carefully avoiding to leave any trace of their labours—where a fragment of lime or grain of sawdust would have sufficed to ruin them—it was necessary to deceive the ears of their spies also. They could not avoid talking between themselves of what engrossed their minds, so they invented a dictionary, the strange, outlandish words of which were sure to puzzle their watchful guardians and put them on a wrong scent.

The saw they dubbed "Favorus," the plane "Anubis," the knife "Tubal Cain," their secret repository they named "Polyphemus," from the cave of that famous Cyclops, and the ladder "Jacob," in allusion to that of the patriarch of Holy Writ. Their chief use of that jargon was that, if a visitor came upon them suddenly, and one of them perceived any article to be lying about, he had only to say "Jacob," "Anubis," or "Favorus," as the case might be, and the other would throw his handkerchief over or otherwise secrete it. By means of this unfaltering vigilance they were fortunately enabled to outwit all their Arguses.

These preliminary operations over, they occupied themselves with the great ladder, which required to be at least 180 feet long. For this purpose they unravelled everything they could possibly spare—shirts, towels, stockings, drawers, and handkerchiefs, all that could furnish them with either thread or silk. Every ball they wound they consigned to Polyphemus, and, when at length they had enough, they devoted a night to plaiting their rope, which would defy the ablest ropemaker to twist a better.

Round the top of their tower there was a coping which projected three or four feet, and which would necessarily cause their ladder to float and sway hither and thither during the descent in a manner sufficient to turn the steadiest head in the world. To obviate this, and save themselves from being dashed to pieces, they made another rope, 360 feet long, to run in a sort of pulley and steady the first; also several others of various lengths to secure their ladder to a cannon, or for unforeseen emergencies. They next made 208 cross-bars for their two ladders, and to guard against the noise these wooden steps might make in rubbing against the wall, they muffled them all in cases, made out of the linings of their dressing-gowns and vests.

Eighteen months of incessant labour were spent in these preparations, but that was not all. They had, it is true, provided means for gaining the top of the tower and letting themselves down into the fosse, but for ascending from it there were two ways. One, before mentioned, was to get up on the parapet, and from it to the governor's garden, and thence down into the tower ditch at the Porte St. Antoine; but then the parapet, which they must cross, literally bristled with sentries. True, they might select a dark, rainy night, when the sentries kept within their boxes, and so possibly escape them; but it might suddenly clear up after they had embarked on their enterprise and bring the soldiers out. Besides, there was the hazard of encountering the inspecting officers of the night, eternally going their rounds, and from whose lanterns it would be impossible to conceal themselves.

The other alternative increased their difficulties, but involved less of peril. It was to bore a passage through the wall separating the ditch of the fortress from that of the Porte St. Antoine, the mortar of which, it occurred to La Tude, might be softened, and to some degree decomposed, by its exposure to the frequent overflowings of the Seine. To pierce it required a gimlet to enable them to insert the points of two of their chimney bars, which they determined to carry with them. They made one out of an iron bolt of one of their beds, to which they attached a handle in the shape of a cross.

They fixed on February 25, 1756, for their flight, when, the river being swollen, there would be four feet of water in the two ditches. La Tude filled a leathern portmanteau with a complete change of clothes for each, should they have the good fortune to escape.

No sooner had their dinner been taken away than they put together their principal ladder, hiding it under their bed, in hopes that it might be safe there during any further visits for the day. They then put up their wooden ladder in three pieces, and slipped their iron bars for boring the wall into their sheaths, to guard against noise. Furnishing themselves with a bottle of eau de vie, to revive and strengthen them during their labour up to the neck in water, they awaited the arrival and removal of their supper and the locking up for the night.

De la Tude was the first to mount the chimney. Suffocated with dust and soot, and bleeding both from arms and legs, he reached the top, and, letting down a ball of twine, D'Allégre fastened to it the rope attached to the portmanteau, which La Tude launched to take its fate on the platform below. He drew up by the same means the wooden ladder, iron bars, and all their other treasures, concluding with the rope ladder, which he so managed to secure to the chimney top as to assist his companion in the ascent. That done, he got down from his uneasy position on the chimney, and they both stood on the platform of the Bastille.

Landed there, they made their various arrangements, and began by rolling their rope ladder into a coil. This they secured to a piece of ordnance, and then, fastening their pulley, passed through it the 360-feet-long rope, which La Tude lashed round his body, and which D'Allégre payed out gently as he descended. In spite of the precaution he fluttered in the air at every motion he made, but arrived, notwithstanding, without accident in the fosse.

The first thing D'Allégre did was to pass him down the portmanteau and other things, and, having found a little mound high and dry above water, he deposited them there. Holding fast to the rope, he steadied it for his companion's descent, which was safely accomplished.

It did not rain, and they could hear a sentry on his walk within a few paces of them. It was, therefore, out of the question to mount the parapet and escape through the governor's garden. They therefore fell back on their other plan, and, making straight for the wall between the two fosses, set to work without delay. Just there, as ill-luck would have it, the ditch was small and narrow, and, consequently, deeper. Elsewhere they would only have been up to the middle; there they had it shoulder-high. There had been a frost a day or two before, so that the water was still full of icicles, and yet they had to stay in it for nine hours, exhausted by excessive toil and their limbs stiffened with cold.

They had hardly commenced working when they saw coming, about twelve feet above their heads, a patrol, whose light fell directly on the spot where they were, so that they had no other resource, either at that time, or many others during the night, but to dive overhead until the danger was past.

At length, after nine hours' labour, and alarms more painful still, they managed, by tearing asunder the stones with incredible difficulty, to make, in a four feet and a-half wall, an opening sufficiently wide to drag themselves through. They were beginning to give way to their joy when they were beset by a peril they had never foreseen, and which very nearly proved fatal.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

He Would Use Strong Language.

MR. CLARKE, the one-time leader of the Midland Circuit, was a very worthy lawyer of the old school, and on one occasion he had a client who for a long time refused to agree that his case should be referred to arbitration, though judge, jury, and counsel were anxious to get rid of the case.

At last Mr. Clarke got out of patience at his client's obstinacy, and said to him:

"You d——d infernal fool, if you do not immediately follow my lord's recommendation I shall be obliged to use strong language to you!"

A "Lying" Action.

THE Duke of Queensberry—better known as "Old Q.," once laid a case before Erskine, the famous lawyer, as to whether he could sue a tradesman for breach of contract in the matter of some work he had ordered. Having given Erskine all the details of the evidence he had to adduce, and which was quite insufficient, the learned lawyer said: "I am of opinion that this action will not lie, unless the witnesses do."

De Gremont

A Count's wife meets her old lover, and falls a victim to a renewal of passion. The husband traces his wife and her paramour and slays her with his sword.

"But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason."
—MILTON, Paradise Lost.

IN the early autumn of 1860, the following conversation took place between a young man and a young woman in the orchard adjoining the beautiful old Château Marina. The young woman, who was extremely beautiful, had been crying. She took the handkerchief from her eyes, and turning towards her companion, said:

"It must all end. We must part."

"Part! Why do you talk thus, Beatrice? Can you so easily forget?"

"Forget! Would to God that I could forget. But no, it is impossible. I shall remember for ever!"

Again she wept.

The young man took her in his arms, pressed his handsome face to hers, and kissed away her tears.

"Tell me it is untrue, Beatrice," he said; "tell me that all is as before."

She broke from him with an impulsive gesture.

"Enough of this, Sylvain," she cried. "You must know all."

"What is there to know?"

"You must know that our engagement is at an end. You must know that never again can I listen to words of love from you; you must know that I am at this moment betrothed to Count Bertrand de Gremont."

Sylvain La Fotte seemed turned to stone. His face was ashen grey, and his lips pale. Suddenly his sternness vanished, his hauteur disappeared, he quivered, and covered his face with his hands.

"I cannot believe it; I cannot believe you, Beatrice, would have so deceived me."

"You see it is true. I am an unworthy creature. Do not waste a thought on me."

"Explain—explain, I implore you. There must be something behind all this, some all-controlling influence. It was not of your own free will that you engaged yourself to this man."

"My father——"

"Ah, your father—your father forced this upon you?"

"Yes. We are poor, miserably poor for our position. My father says I am beautiful, and that beauty is a valuable asset. He insists upon my marrying De Gremont. De Gremont, as you know, is amazingly wealthy. I implored him not to force this upon me. He insists, and I obey."

The young man's face had grown very cold and calm.

"So all our love, our mutual vows, our hours of happiness, have come to this—nothing—nothing! I am thrown aside like a discarded glove."

She put up her hands with a supplicating gesture. "Do not reproach me," she pleaded; "I cannot bear it."

"I will not reproach you, Beatrice; I leave time to that office. I take my leave. Farewell."

He bowed, took her fair hand for a moment and kissed it. He was gone.

The gate clicked, and the autumnal winds swept round Beatrice with their burden of dead leaves, obscuring the sound of his departing footsteps.

All was at an end. A year of youth, love, and joy, of such a nature that the unhappy girl knew it would never be her lot to experience the like again, had ended in this—a marriage of convenience with a man old enough to be her father—with a man whom she did not even respect, much less love. Half an hour later some business drew one of the servants from the château into the orchard. She ran back crying out for assistance.

"Quick, quick, some of you!" she cried. "Mademoiselle has fallen in a dead faint."

The unconscious girl was carried into her bedroom, where, under the influence of divers restoratives, she recovered, and afterwards went down to dinner, and to pay her respects to her future husband, who, in company with her father, awaited her below.

"What has caused this fainting fit?" asked old Jules Marina, when his daughter had entered the room.

"I hardly know. I have not been feeling well lately."

The girl put up her hand to her head with a tired gesture. All life and spirit seemed to have gone out of her body.

"I will do my duty soon. I hope to look after you, Beatrice," said the other man who was standing by the window.

Beatrice should have smiled; she shuddered.

The father, watching her keenly from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, with his small, rat-like eyes, saw the shudder, interpreted it truly, and hastened at once to cover it up with some forced joke and pleasantry.

The old, impoverished aristocrat was playing for a great stake. By this marriage of his daughter with the wealthy De Gremont he hoped to materially reimburse his own sparsely furnished treasury; while at the same time his child would be exalted to a position the affluence and distinction of which were beyond the dreams of all but the select few who bask in the sunshine of courts and sovereigns. It, therefore, behoved him to conceal from De Gremont the unconquerable dislike which he inspired in his fiancée's breast.

But Beatrice's father was an accomplished hand at intrigue of any description, and he succeeded in deluding De Gremont into the belief that the young girl he was about to marry lived in his smile and died in his frown; whilst on the other hand he bullied Beatrice into a docile submission to the caresses and endearments of her lover.

Young La Fotte was, of course, banished the château.

Old Marina was too subtle a diplomat to abuse the young man to Beatrice, for he was well aware that such a course of action would only provoke from the girl an indignant outburst of contradiction and rebellion. Instead, Marina invariably spoke of La Fotte as a pleasant enough young fellow, with good taste and a pretty wit, but at the same time a thoroughly unsuitable match for his daughter.

Beatrice herself never heard from La Fotte again. She mentioned this one day to her father.

"He is a sensible young fellow, my dear," answered old Marina.

"Why is he sensible in abandoning me?"

"Abandoning you! You talk like a child. He accepts the situation. He is fond of you, yet he sees it would be utterly impossible for you to marry him. Therefore, he retires."

"You put things very cruelly, father," said the girl, trying bravely to restrain the tears that would force themselves out of her eyes.

"Cruelly! No, child, I speak as a man of the world. Do you think that I have passed through life without a romance? Like you, when I was young, I acquired an attachment for a—I will not call her a lady—for a person. I conquered it."

"Then you did not love my mother? Oh, father!"

"I loved your mother very dearly, precisely as you will learn to love my worthy friend and future son-in-law, De Gremont."

Beatrice said no more; all the world seemed out of tune, everybody's heart seemed turned to stone, all was callous, cold, and indifferent. She had no one to confide in, no one whose patient hearing would rid her of a share of the secret load of sorrow that ached within her heart.

She prepared for the marriage. The affair was one of great importance in the neighbourhood. Marina's friends and distant relatives mustered in strong force to congratulate Beatrice upon the splendid alliance she was contracting. The number of guests invited to be present at the joyful ceremony was enormous. Marina spared no expense in making every-

thing attractive and splendid, as he might well do, having borrowed some thousands from his prospective son-in-law.

The marriage was accounted by all present as a brilliant success.

When Beatrice made her appearance in a dazzling gown of white, silver, and orange blossoms, an old duchess remarked to her, "You are, I think, the luckiest girl in the world."

"I suppose I am," answered the bride, with a sad look that belied her half-hearted words.

When the ceremony had been concluded, when the breakfast had been eaten and the speeches made with due pomposity, when the "happy couple" had departed for their honeymoon, everybody agreed that the affair had surpassed their wildest anticipations, making this single reservation in their congratulatory chorus—the bride seemed unusually subdued. This was, however, accounted for by many as the very natural anxiety caused by the great change in her position.

Be this as it may, Beatrice was an exceptionally quiet and reserved bride, and as she drove from her father's house in De Gremont's company he could not help wondering when

"I am an unworthy creature."

her icy heart was going to thaw, when, in short, she was going to lavish upon him the caresses and the endearments which are a husband's due.

She herself felt very much like a frightened child who has run away from home in strange company. She did not love De Gremont, and all his kindness and solicitude for her comfort and well-being could do no more than draw from her heart the platonic gratitude that she would have accorded to any chivalrous cavalier.

For three weeks nothing, or little more than nothing, was heard of the couple by old Marina. When in time they returned from their bridal trip the old man noted with pleasure a marked alteration, or, as he would have said, a marked improvement in her conduct towards her husband. She was still reserved in demeanour, but she now not only treated De Gremont with respect, but manifested a kindly interest in all he said or did; indeed, if she did not exhibit any love for him, it was plain she regarded him with a companionable affection. Marina, ever quick to notice the slightest alteration in her conduct, saw this in a glance, and chuckled accordingly. Metaphorically, he patted himself on the shoulder.

"Everything will come right," he reflected joyfully; "she will learn to love her husband, as I prophesied she would. She will be happy and rich; De Gremont will be in paradise, and I shall pass a tranquil and comfortable old age. Verily, I am a general benefactor!"

Whilst old Marina was congratulating himself on the success of his matrimonial enterprise, Beatrice was learning the value of her father's worldly wisdom, and was, in fact, growing more reconciled to her position with each succeeding day. She never loved her husband. She never, as her father had foretold, learnt to love him; but, for all that, there grew in her heart an esteem and a certain tranquil, domesticated affection towards the always kind and considerate partner of her life.

At the expiration of a year Beatrice de Gremont gave birth to a child. This event strengthened the bonds that united her to her husband; she felt that they both now possessed a common interest.

Their affection for the child was mutual; indeed, it would be hard to say which of the two young people lavished the greater number of caresses and endearments on the baby girl. A second year passed, and Beatrice gave birth to another child, this time a boy.

Since her marriage she had never received an angry word or look from De Gremont, who had not forgotten how to make love to his wife, and who was as solicitous for her wants and wishes as he had been on the wedding morning. Beatrice was thus blessed with a wealthy and affectionate husband and two beautiful children.

Surely she was happy!

Strange as it may seen, taking all the above-mentioned circumstances into account, Beatrice was not happy. We use the word "happy" reservedly. We mean that, although the girl was by no means miserable, yet she never once experienced that ecstasy of enjoyment which she knew well might have been hers had her life been cast in different channels. In short, with all her wealth, pleasure, and position, with all the aggrandisement attendant on her exalted condition, with all the love, tenderness, and guardianship which her husband lavished upon her, she was never once as happy as she would have been in a cottage with the love of Sylvain la Fotte.

Still she treated her husband with respect, even with affection, and was uncompromising in performing her duty towards him.

Things were thus bettering daily with the De Gremonts, when fate took a mischievous turn, and with one twist of her arbitrary wand transformed a garden of happy hearts into a wilderness and a ruin.

One evening De Gremont found himself too unwell to escort his wife to a ball, for which they had both received invitations. But, rather than that Beatrice should lose the enjoyment of being present at the festivities, he requested a lady friend to call for her and accompany her to the dance.

Beatrice looked unusually beautiful that night. She wore a cream-satin dress, cut low round her dazzling white shoulders, and in her hair were entwined dark crimson roses.

She enjoyed herself immensely; everybody wished to dance with her, everybody courted her society; indeed, the lovely young wife of Count de Gremont was, as usual on these occasions, the centre of all attraction.

During an interval between the dances the band performed a solo entitled "Young Love." Beatrice thought the music divine; its mournful melody crept into her heart and charged her eyes with tears. She knew not why, but while the solo was being played her thoughts fled back to her own young love—to the garden and the old château—to Sylvain la Fotte!

"Who composed this?" she asked a companion.

"What! don't you know? Sylvain la Fotte, the rising young musician. Why, good heavens! you are fainting, countess!"

Pale and trembling, Beatrice staggered to her feet, pressed her hand to her bosom, and seemed likely to swoon. She mastered her emotion with a great effort.

"No! no! it is nothing! The heat here is a little overpowering." Her brain was crowded with a thousand tumultuous thoughts. Sylvain, her old lover, had composed this music, had thought of her when composing it, perhaps thought of her now.

While these burning thoughts were passing through her heated brain a lady, accompanied by a gentleman, approached her.

"Let me introduce to you, countess," said the lady, "Monsieur Sylvain la Fotte, whose music you are doubtless familiar with."

"I think I had the pleasure of meeting the countess once before," said La Fotte, with a quiet earnestness.

Beatrice moved, bowed, and murmured some little polite-

ness, as one acting in a trance. Could it be possible that she was face to face with her old lover once again?

He sat down beside her and began to talk in a commonplace way about every-day events.

The bewildered Beatrice could hardly answer him; her brain seemed on fire, and she felt sure the beating of her heart must drown her little, tremulous voice.

As for La Fotte, he noticed the confusion and agitation his presence caused in his old love with a profound self-satisfaction. He no longer felt the slightest affection for Beatrice, but he longed to be revenged on her for the slight he had suffered at her hands years ago. He determined to humble the beautiful countess, to possess her, to make the woman who had refused to be his wife his mistress.

They talked together in a conventional style for some time, and then Sylvain referred to his music, "Young Love."

"When did you compose it?" Beatrice asked.

"Last year."

was positively miserable; whereas before she had liked and respected her husband, the sight of him now was abhorrent to her eyes; she shivered if he spoke, and shuddered at his touch; whereas before she had loved her two little children, she was now entirely indifferent to them and their wants. Her whole being was absorbed in the thought of her lover. She visited him now often; whenever she could excuse herself from home she fled to his arms, and drowned in his kisses all miserable remembrance.

The lovers could not fly, for Sylvain was poor, or perhaps we should say represented himself to be so, for he had not the slightest wish to burden himself indefinitely with Beatrice.

The secret meetings went on unnoticed for some time; then the lovers grew bolder, were seen out in each other's company, and the tongue of gossip was set wagging. Still Count de Gremont took no notice, remained, indeed, oblivious to his wife's conduct and the scandalous voice of rumour.

DE GREMONT RUSHED INTO THE ROOM.

"Only last year?"

"Yes."

"What suggested it to you, Sylvain?" said the countess, looking down at her fan.

"You."

He uttered the monosyllable with a peculiar intensity.

Beatrice flushed all over her white face and neck.

"Then you were still thinking of me?"

"Still loving you."

She began to tremble violently. "Ah! you must not talk to me like that now It is too late!"

"Too late! Yes, but that was your doing."

"Yes, it was my doing; or, rather, my father's."

"And are you happy?"

"Oh, yes; I suppose so."

"As happy as we might have been together?"

"You must not ask me such questions. I cannot say."

The end of this conversation was that Beatrice arranged to meet Sylvain la Fotte again, at his private rooms. The chance meeting with her old lover entirely transformed her nature. Whereas before she had been quietly happy, now she

Some report of the state of affairs was sent by a friend to old Marina, Beatrice's father, in the country. The aged diplomat immediately took alarm, and hurried post haste to Paris.

Marina at once sought out his daughter, represented to her what rumour was saying, and implored her to behave in a proper manner.

Beatrice in reply roundly asserted her innocence, and turned on her father with scorn and reproach for ever crediting such statements. Old Marina, by no means convinced, went next to De Gremont himself, communicated his suspicions, and bade him look narrowly to his wife This act of Marina's proved Beatrice's undoing; it roused a fury in De Gremont, and provoked the tragedy which terminated this sorry drama.

De Gremont, before Marina had aroused suspicion within him, would have as soon thought of flying to the moon as suspecting the honour and virtue of his wife. But her father's evident anxiety and fear set him thinking and watching.

He employed spies to follow Beatrice, note her move-

ments, where she went, and with whom. One evening one of these emissaries returned with the news that Beatrice, who had gone out some time previously, ostensibly to visit friends, was locked in Sylvain la Fotte's bedroom.

The count paid the man handsomely, took down his sword which he had carried in the army, felt the edge of the blade with his thumb, and finding it sharp, put it back in its sheath, and hurried off in the direction of La Fotte's rooms.

He knocked gently at the front door. An old woman opened it cautiously; but with a bound the count rushed past her, and bounded up the stairs. The old woman, whom he had flung aside, fell down insensible. The count ran into La Fotte's dining-room. It was empty.

He tried the handle of the next door and found it locked.

"Who is there?" inquired a voice from within, which De Gremont recognised in a moment as that of Beatrice.

"Your husband, waiting with a drawn sword to slay your lover," he cried furiously.

Beatrice uttered a shriek of terror.

La Fotte sprang from the bed. His face was white, his lips twitched, and his whole body seemed convulsed with an agony of fear.

Terrible blows resounded on the door. It would surely give way in a moment, when they would both be murdered.

"Save me! save me!" cried Beatrice, clinging passionately to La Fotte. He flung her from him with a fearful oath.

"Save yourself, harlot," he screamed, "I must think of my own life."

Stunned, bleeding, and dazed, Beatrice sank on the floor, the madness of her love cured by the sudden shock of this cruel revelation—the revelation that La Fotte did not care for, had simply made game of her, and was himself a despicable coward.

La Fotte ran to and fro like a lunatic, tears running down his cheeks; imprecations and supplications mingling on his livid lips, the picture of horror and despair.

And still the door shook and quivered with the force of De Gremont's blows.

In another moment it would give way, and the avenger's sword would eat into La Fotte's miserable flesh.

He shuddered and shrieked at the thought.

He ran to the window and found that he could not open it. With a howl of rage he seized a chair, and with the strength of maniac fear dashed it through the casement. The glass, shivered to atoms, fell with a crash into the street below. The woodwork was bent and broken, and La Fotte forced his head and shoulders through the jagged aperture. His face was cut, but he did not mind; he was working for his life.

He dragged his body through the window, stood up on the outside ledge, caught hold of the roof, and swung himself up out of immediate danger.

Then a strange thing happened. Beatrice rose from her recumbent position on the floor of the bedroom, and tottered towards the door.

She had no desire to live, she was tired of life; she determined to open the door and expire on her husband's sword. With a firm hand she turned the key in the lock.

With a horrible shout of exultant rage De Gremont rushed into the room, brandishing a naked sword in his right hand. Beatrice, cold, calm, and statue-like in her white nightrobe, with her bosom bare and her beautiful hair falling about her shoulders, stood straight in his path.

He recoiled with a cry of amazement.

Then he sprang forward, and with a fearful lunge drove the keen sword blade deep into her body. She fell with a single moan. He tugged out the sword from her breast, and her blood spurted over his face.

Deliberately he whirled the sword in the air, and bringing it down with admirably-judged precision, severed her head from her body.

He kicked her head across the room.

At that moment the police, aroused by La Fotte's cries from the roof, entered the room and arrested the murderer.

In due course he was tried, when the jury took a lenient view of the case, and he was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment.

"The sentence is unjust," he said, as he left the dock. "She deserved her fate."

Sylvain la Fotte's music became more popular than ever.

SELF-MURDER was fashionable in the reign of Tiberius, numbers putting themselves to death to avoid the persecution of the emperors.

THE Witton Tragedy.

THE PECULIAR MURDER OF ALICE BARNES

by CROSS DUCKWORTH.

"A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?"
—WORDSWORTH, "We are Seven."

NO crime of modern times agitated the public mind of the northern counties more than that committed by Cross Duckworth, at Witton, near Blackburn, Lancashire, on November 8, 1892. Duckworth, previous to his trial and condemnation, had been tried throughout the length and breadth of Lancashire; in every beerhouse, pothouse and club people had clamoured for his blood; others had asserted his innocence. The evidence was purely circumstantial, the defence was an alibi, but Duckworth was found guilty and condemned to die.

The crime for which Duckworth suffered the extreme penalty of the law was a particularly brutal one, but it excited even more interest than it ordinarily would have done by reason of the fact that nobody actually saw the deed committed, that nearly a week elapsed before Duckworth was arrested, and that he was convicted entirely on circumstantial evidence. Duckworth was 32 years of age, and a married man, with two children, both girls, one about ten years of age, who gave evidence against her father at the Assizes, and the other about eight or nine. He was a native of Glossop, but went to Lancashire when quite a child, and lived for a short time at Darwen. He was in the Militia when a young man, and two years after he married he enlisted in the regulars and joined the East Lancashire Regiment. He served the greater portion of his time with the colours in India, and on his retirement into the reserves he went back to his family in Blackburn. This was in or about 1891. Instead of following his original occupation of a spinner, Duckworth commenced work as a brass-dresser's labourer at a mill a few doors lower down than his own house, in Primrose Terrace, Bower House Fold. He had the reputation among his fellow-workmen of being a cheerful, jolly fellow, fond of singing. His neighbours never spoke of him as being drunken or quarrelsome, and he and his wife seem to have lived very happily together. Once, indeed, Duckworth was obliged to leave the town to avoid arrest for stabbing his wife in the neck with a pocket-knife during an altercation they were having in the street.

Duckworth's victim was a tall, well-built, intelligent girl named Alice Barnes, nine years of age, the daughter of a farmer, named Edward Barnes, living at Redlam Farm, Witton. Mr. Barnes pastured his cows in Witton Park, the nearest entrance to which is about a quarter of a mile away from the farm, and it was his daughter's daily duty to collect them at noon and take them into the park. On Tuesday morning, November 8, 1892, the girl left Wensley Fold School at ten minutes past twelve, and, after helping her mother a few minutes, was sent by her father to perform her

daily task. The cows had left the farm half an hour or so before, and had been slowly walking towards the entrance to the park. Alice Barnes, and her sister Mary, eight years of age, quickly overtook them and drove them forward down by the side of the River Blakewater towards the pasture. The gateway into the park is on the opposite side of the river to Redlam Farm, but at the junction of Spring Lane and Buncer Lane, immediately in front of the gates, there is a wooden footbridge over the stream. The water is only shallow, and the cattle, as usual, forded the stream at this point, while the girl Alice crossed by the bridge, having a short time before sent her younger sister back to the farm with a calf. At this moment Duckworth appears to have been standing on the bridge, resting with his arms on the rail, and watching two girls, named Edith Duxbury and Elizabeth Riding, who were talking together opposite the entrance to the park. The girl Barnes seems to have driven the cows into the park and to have closed the big doors behind her, only leaving the wicket-gate open. Immediately after Riding and Duxbury separated. The latter went on over the bridge home, and the former, who lived with her father, the head gamekeeper in the park, went through the gate and took a short cut home. Duckworth followed her, and it afterwards transpired that it was his intention to assault her and not the girl Barnes. However, Riding was out of sight when he got through the gate, but he met Barnes returning from the pasture. In all probability she had got near the gate when she was attacked. The gate screened Duckworth from observation on the side of the two lanes, and a high wall prevented his being seen from the highroad, which is the old road to Preston.

A severe struggle evidently took place in one corner behind the gate, but Duckworth prevented the girl from calling for help by forcing his handkerchief so violently into her mouth that the soft palate was torn and the roof of her mouth seriously injured, the girl's breathing being effectively stopped. There was a barbed wire fence on one side of the road, and this the poor girl seems to have clutched with despairing energy in her struggle with her powerful and brutal assailant, for the palms of her hands were very badly scratched and torn. The girl wore a shawl over her head and had clogs on, and there was a deep cut in her head, but that was caused, it was believed, by her falling on the ground. The poor girl must have been quickly reduced to a semi-conscious state, but before her assailant could carry out the fearful purpose he had in view he was disturbed by a younger brother of the girl Riding. This boy, a lad of ten, was coming the way his sister had just gone, when he saw Duckworth bending over the prostrate body of his victim behind the door. The murderer, alarmed, appeared to have picked up the girl, with the object of carrying her into the lane. He stumbled in getting through the wicket-gate and let the body fall. He then seems to have made off over the bridge, up Spring Lane, and into the main road, while the boy, thoroughly frightened, ran back to the Fenniscliffe lodge gates. The body of the poor girl was found a few minutes afterwards by a widow named Martha Hindle, of 112, Whalley Old Road, Blackburn. The girl's clothes were disarranged, and some of her under-garments were torn and the straps broken.

The girl attended the Wensley Fold School, was in the second standard, and was always very attentive to her lessons. She had a remarkably neat appearance, and exceedingly bright and pleasant features. She was, of slender build, but was a big, fine girl for her age. Her eyes were light blue, her hair auburn, and she had full red cheeks and lips that frequently broke into a smile. She was very regular in her attendance at both day and Sunday schools, was bright and cheerful, very obedient, much liked by the other children, and was the pride of her teachers. She was often followed to school by a big sheep-dog. That morning she went to school as usual at 9 o'clock, and took a Scripture lesson. At the closing of the school she stayed behind some minutes to help her teacher to put away the books, and left for home about five minutes past twelve.

Immediately after the discovery of the body Chief-Constable Lewis and Superintendent Myers, Dr. Wheatley, the borough medical officer, Superintendent Dobson, and a large staff of detectives and policemen were on the spot, and a full description was given them of the suspected author of the crime. The police had not much to work on at the outset. They found the imprint of a heavily-nailed boot on the scene of the struggle, and this and the handkerchief taken out of the girl's mouth were for awhile their only clues. They obtained a description of the man on the bridge from Duxbury and Riding, and sent it all over the country, with the result that a large number of arrests on suspicion were made.

On Thursday, November 10, two days after the crime had been committed, the police put a couple of bloodhounds on the track, hoping from the success with which their use had been attended in the case of the murderer Fish that equally good results might accrue. In the case of the man Fish, however, the dogs sought for and found the remains of a murdered girl, whilst in the present instance the living murderer was the object of the bloodhounds' search. Mr. John Boyle, clothier, of Penny Street, Blackburn, induced a friend of his, Mr. Charles Garnett, of Bromley Cross, near Bolton, to try what his two famous bloodhounds could do in the way of tracking the murderer. The two dogs, Champion Koodoo and Dandy, were accustomed to the trail, and their owner had often given exhibitions of their power at various local dog shows. They were taken to Blackburn by train and conveyed to the scene of the murder in a cab. Operations were directed by Superintendent Myers, of the county police, and Superintendent Dobson, of the borough police. The dogs were first tried in the neighbourhood of Broomfield Place and Vauxhall, but without success. They were then taken to the spot where the murder was committed. They ranged about the park for a good while, but without avail. Too much time had been allowed to elapse, and the scent had grown cold. Any chance there might have been of picking up the scent was also spoiled by the crowds who had visited the spot since the murder. The hounds were eventually taken and tried in an adjoining field, but to no purpose, and they were then taken back to Blackburn, the attempt having been an utter failure.

Cross Duckworth.

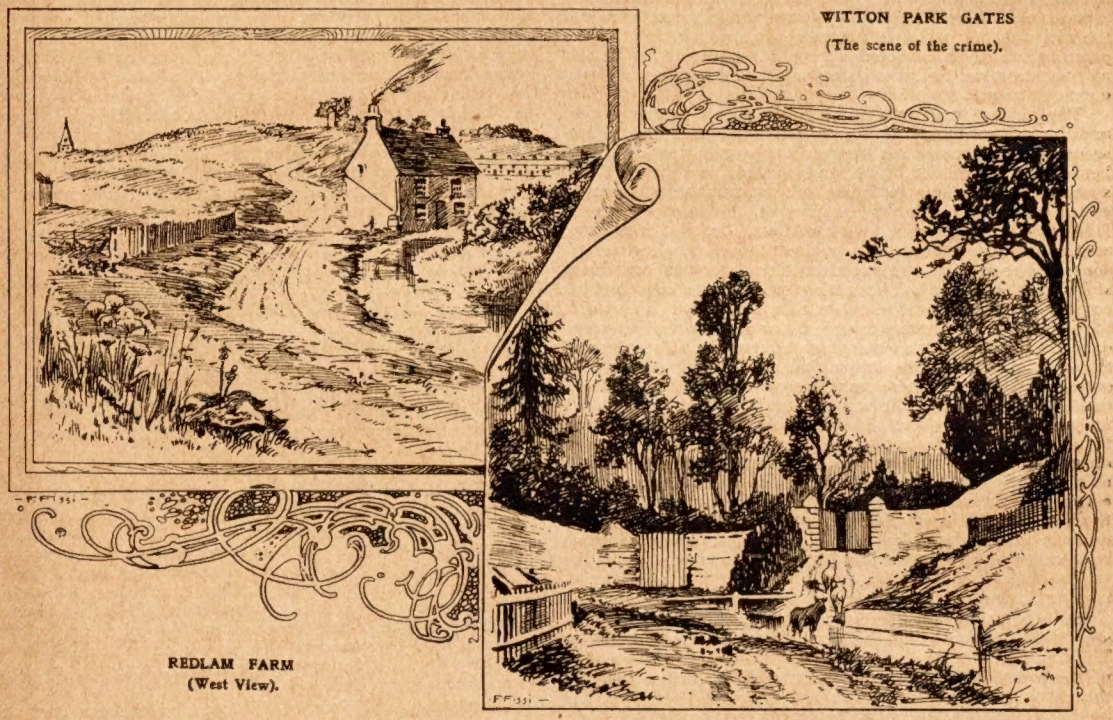
The funeral of the poor victim took place at the Balderston Church, amid every expression of sympathy. A crowd of several hundred people assembled in West View, which immediately looks on Redlam Farm, the residence of the father of the deceased girl. The crowd was mainly composed of women, many of whom were affected to tears when the cortège left the farm. The remains were enclosed in a pitch-pine coffin, with brass mountings, and the inscription on the plate read as follows:

"Alice Barnes, died November 8, aged 9."

The murdered girl was buried on Saturday, November 12, but there had, of course, previously been an inquest held, on Thursday, November 10, which was adjourned for seven days.

By the end of the week, however, the police had got on Duckworth's track, mainly through the talk of his neighbours. On Sunday night, November 13, he was roused from

his sleep and arrested on suspicion. A pair of boots was found on the premises, one of which very closely corresponded with a plaster cast of the imprint of a man's foot in the soil behind the garden gate—the mark of the heavily-nailed boot before referred to. Two handkerchiefs were also found in his house, both of which, it was believed, corresponded with the one found in the girl's mouth. At the police-station Duckworth gave an account of his whereabouts on the day of the murder, and on the following day the police found that this statement was incorrect in nearly every particular. They also succeeded in ascertaining where he really was. He was traced from home on the day of the crime to a public-house on Bank Top, where he stayed until twenty minutes to one, and thence he was traced, step by step, to within three or four minutes' walk of the scene of the tragedy a little before the crime was committed. The girls Duxbury and Riding both identified him as the man they saw on the bridge, and the boy Harry Riding pointed him out as the man he saw with the girl in his arms. Other witnesses identified him as the same man they saw running up Spring Lane into the main road, and out of that into Broomfield Place



WITTON PARK GATES
(The scene of the crime).

REDLAM FARM
(West View).

and Vauxhall Street, and afterwards going along the main road towards Cherry Tree.

When brought up he was described as "Cross Duckworth, 32, labourer, of Primrose Street, Bower House Fold," and he was charged with having, on November 8, at Witton, feloniously murdered and killed one Alice Barnes. The charge was read over to the prisoner by the magistrates' clerk, who added that the police asked for a remand. He also put the usual question as to whether prisoner had anything to say against the remand, and Duckworth, speaking rapidly, and with a slight tremor, said:

"Yes. I can't say what I am charged with. You can't say it's me who has committed the crime. I am innocent, I can assure you." He was remanded for further evidence until after the inquest, which was concluded on Tuesday, November 22, and resulted in a verdict of "Wilful murder" against the prisoner. Duckworth was brought before the magistrates again on Wednesday, November 23, was remanded till Monday, the 28th, when he was committed for trial at the Liverpool Assizes, on the charge of wilful murder.

The trial of Duckworth took place at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, on Monday, December 12, 1892, and lasted two days. Mr. Justice Grantham was the judge, and Dr. O'Feeley and Mr. J. Roskill, instructed by Mr. H. Backhouse, Blackburn, prosecuted, whilst Mr. McKeand, instructed by Mr. R. Riley, defended.

In reply to the charge, prisoner said in a firm voice, "Not guilty, sir."

Thirty-seven witnesses appeared on behalf of the prosecution, whilst thirteen witnesses were called for the defence. The prisoner was accommodated with a seat in the dock, and when Dr. O'Feeley proceeded to open the case soon after the judge's arrival, he sat bolt upright in his chair during the counsel's long speech, and seemed utterly unmoved, except when he once or twice leaned forward and whispered something to his counsel. Mr. McKeand refrained from cross-examining several of the witnesses called at the outset, but when he rose to question Richard Crook, the landlord of the Unicorn Inn, it became quite clear that one of the points he intended to make in his defence was that the prisoner was drunk. He made a determined attack on the evidence of the two girls, Edith Duxbury and Elizabeth Riding, and of a man, named Smith, who identified Duckworth as being the man he saw at five minutes to one on November 8, on the bridge near the spot where the murder was committed, leaning against the railings. At the end of this severe cross-examination the opinion began to be entertained that Duckworth would be acquitted. Mr. McKeand, however, failed to shake the evidence of the boy, Harry Riding, who delivered his sensational statement in the clear, simple and direct manner in which he gave it before the coroner and the magistrates. His evidence was to the effect that on November 8 he left home to go to school at five minutes to one. He came down the field and met his sister about 40 yards from home. When he got near the wall he saw a man just under the wall, about five yards away. The man was close to the gate, and had a child in his arms. The man went through the wicket-gate with the child, and when half-way through he let her fall on the outside. The man then ran off over the bridge, and witness ran back to the lodge gates on the other side of the field. On the Monday following witness picked out the prisoner from seven or eight others as the man he saw with the child.

The learned counsel also failed to shake the evidence of the adults who saw the prisoner in the neighbourhood of Broomfield Place. The judge examined the prisoner's right boot and the cast of the footprint in Witton Park very minutely, and, as the result of careful measurements, came to the conclusion that there were serious discrepancies between the boot and the cast. His lordship evidently attached great importance to this examination, for he walked over to the jury and explained to them at considerable length the effect of the inspection, and subsequently informed them that no reliance could be put on the cast of the footprint as evi-

dence against the prisoner, and the prosecution at once abandoned that part of the case.

The evidence of Mr. Birtwistle was equally effectual in destroying the handkerchief theory. The handkerchief found in the child's mouth differed materially from the two found in prisoner's house, and these two differed from each other.

Painful interest was excited by the appearance in the box of prisoner's daughter, a child of ten, and small for her age. She was neatly dressed, and, as she told her artless story—a story which helped considerably to fasten the rope round her father's neck—a feeling of pity could not be prevented from welling up in the breasts of sympathetic witnesses of the scene. Her cross-examination was wonderfully skilful, and, if the judge had not intervened, the result of the trial might have been very different. The child said she cleaned up the house every day, and on the day of the murder she noticed the pair of her father's boots produced under the sofa. His lordship, however, ascertained that she did not commence the cleaning up until about five o'clock, and after coming from school.

A witness, named Robert Bland, said he had known prisoner 16 or 17 years. He was not with prisoner on Monday, but was drinking with him on the Tuesday. Prisoner pulled a paper out of his pocket at Taylor's public-house, and said the girl was not outraged according to the print. In cross-examination he said people were talking about the murder all over the town and discussing whether the child had been outraged or not.

The defence was an alibi, but it was not a strong one, and the judge summed up against it. The case for the prosecution closed soon after the prisoner's daughter had given her evidence, and Mr. McKeand opened his defence. His speech was short, emphatic and telling, but the evidence he called hardly bore out the premises of the learned counsel. His lordship interrupted the first witness, Mr. Walter Stirrup, architect, to point out that, while the newspaper the prisoner had read from, the day after the murder was committed, stated that the child had been violated, prisoner informed his companion Bland that she had not been violated. This point told terribly against the prisoner, for it was not for some days after the murder that anybody except Dr. Wheatley and the chief police officials knew that the child had not been outraged. Whether prisoner was aware of the importance of this statement or not, it was impossible to say, as he remained as stolid as ever. Mr. McKeand ran quickly through his evidence until he got to the witnesses intended to prove an alibi. It was then quickly found that the alibi was the alibi of only one man, as Dr. O'Feeley and the judge were careful to point out. Only one out of the five witnesses called to prove the alibi knew Duckworth, and this fact alone seriously damaged the defence. Mr. McKeand had intended to have called 17 or 18 witnesses, but, on the suggestion of the judge, he decided to call no evidence as to the boots and handkerchief, as no reliance was placed on them by his lordship.

Shortly before the adjournment for luncheon on the second day of the trial a rather startling incident occurred. The court was impressively silent, nothing but the low replies of the witnesses to counsel being audible, when suddenly there was a loud report, apparently under the Press-box, just at the feet of the writer, and immediately behind the jury, followed by a loud whirring noise, as if the clockwork of some infernal machine were going off. The startled gaze of everybody in court—judge, Bar and witnesses—was turned towards the spot, but a moment later, in spite of the solemnity of the occasion, everybody present, with the exception of the prisoner, burst into laughter, for it was found that nothing more serious had happened than the snapping of the clock spring. This little accident occurred at five minutes past one, the exact moment when, five weeks before, the prisoner was murdering his innocent victim.

His lordship concluded summing up the case at 5.30 p.m., and it was all against the prisoner. He commented on the evidence of the children, Edith Duxbury, Elizabeth Riding, and Harry Riding, and said that "children were less likely to be untruthful than grown people about things on which there could be no mistake, but their impressions of men and things were not so reliable as those of grown-up people."

After an absence of an hour, and in answer to the usual challenge by the clerk, the foreman said they had found a verdict of "Guilty," with a recommendation to mercy. In answer to the clerk the prisoner said, "I have nothing much to say, except what I have said before; I am not guilty of the crime, sir."

His lordship, in passing sentence, said prisoner had been found guilty, after a most careful inquiry by the jury and after a most able defence by the learned counsel who appeared for him, and he (the judge) could find no fault with that verdict. The crime was diabolical, whether committed for the purpose of gratifying a murderous desire or brutal lust. Drink had brought him to that position, as it had brought many more before him to the scaffold. Drink had been the cause of more than half the crimes he had had to investigate at these Assizes. The jury had recommended him to mercy, and he would take care that the recommendation was forwarded to the proper quarter, where, no doubt, it would receive full consideration.

The Prisoner: "Thank you, my lord."

The judge, continuing, said that no words of his could add to the pain of his position, and he would simply fulfil the duty he had to do. His lordship then passed sentence of death in the usual form, the prisoner standing quiet, motionless, and without any indication that he felt the terrible position in which he had placed himself.

At eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, January 3, 1893, Cross Duckworth was hanged at Walton Gaol, Liverpool. The executioner, James Billington, arrived at the prison on Monday night, and never left the gaol until after the inquest on Tuesday morning. Before he retired to rest he went and examined the preparations made for carrying out the last dread sentence of the law. The scaffold, formerly erected in the yard near the highway, and on the left of the main entrance, was permanently fixed in a building like a coach-house, on the other side of the yard, and nearly as far back from the road as it could be put. The trap was flush with the floor, and there were no steps to mount. Billington found everything in order, and decided, on learning the weight of the condemned man, to give him an unusually long drop. The writer waited upon the governor, Mr. Haverfield, shortly after Billington's arrival, and was told that the culprit had made no confession of his guilt.

"Judging by the prisoner's manner," said Mr. Haverfield, "he appears to have given up all hope."

Reporters were not admitted to the execution, but the writer was informed that Duckworth, who occupied a cell only a few paces from the scaffold, was very restless in the early part of Monday night. He slept fairly well until about six o'clock next morning, when he was roused, and partook of a light breakfast. The chaplain visited him shortly afterwards. The culprit listened attentively to what was said, and joined fervently in the prayers. He was not nearly so excited as on the previous day, and seemed to be prepared to meet his fate calmly.

A few minutes before eight o'clock the executioner went into the cell, and Duckworth submitted quietly to the pinioning process. This was rapidly performed, and then the dread procession to the scaffold commenced. Duckworth walked between two warders, but he required no assistance. He responded in a low voice to the chaplain's prayers. Arrived at the scaffold, the cap was quickly adjusted by Billington, and almost instantly the bolt was drawn. Death was instantaneous. The whole proceedings occupied only a few minutes, and were carried out, as stated at the inquest by the governor, the Acting Under-Sheriff, and the chaplain, with great promptitude.

Duckworth made no confession, and the governor said that he sent no communication to his relatives. At 8.15 a.m. two notices were posted up at the gate of the gaol. One was signed by Mr. Fullager, the Under-Sheriff, and set forth that the judgment of death had been duly executed. The other was the certificate of Duckworth's death, signed by one of the prison surgeons.

Duckworth's was the third execution that had taken place at Walton Gaol. The first was that of Mrs. Berry, the Oldham poisoner, the second being that of a man named Gibbons. The preparations for the execution of Duckworth excited unusual interest in Walton and the district, which had never, perhaps, been so disturbed since Mrs. Berry was hanged within the precincts of the gaol, or since Mrs. Maybrick had been incarcerated there pending her trial at the Assizes.

Adam's Defence.

JUSTICE FORTESCUE once gave the following illustration of a fundamental rule of English law:

"The laws of God and man both give the party an opportunity to make his defence, if he have any. I remember to have heard it observed by a very learned man that even God Himself did not pass sentence upon Adam before he was called upon to show cause—'Adam, where art thou? Hast thou not eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?' And the same question was put to Eve also."

Leaves from Our Notebook.

The King as a Judge.

In the eyes of the law the sovereign is present in every court which sits, the judge being regarded as the mirror of the monarch. This is a relic of the days when the sovereign used to personally distribute justice, in courts which followed him wherever he went. These movable courts were the forerunners of our modern courts of assize, in which a judge is deputed to represent the king in the distant parts of his kingdom, and administer justice for him. The inconvenience of having a movable seat of justice was felt so strongly that in the reign of Henry III. it was decided that the chief seat of the law should be at Westminster, and there the king sat in person in the Court of King's Bench as late as 1234. The Court of Exchequer was also presided over by the sovereign up to 1256. Then the king delegated his judicial power to his judges, being present in court only in theory and not in fact. Shortly after the establishment of assize judges and King's Bench judges, the monarch appeared in court in a new light, namely, that of prosecutor; so that now it would be absurd for the sovereign to sit as judge, for he would be holding two positions at once. Though the king voluntarily gave up his right to sit in his own courts, though he is the fountain head of all justice, he cannot now take his seat on the bench as a judge except by special Act of Parliament.

Crimes Follow Inventions.

The general statement that crime follows invention is correct, though the equally common dictum that new crimes follow inventions is wrong. Looked at from the widest point of view, all crimes may be reduced to two great heads—those against the person, such as assault and murder, and those against property, such as theft. The new crimes which we hear of are not really new in themselves, but are merely developments in existing misdeeds. The bank-note forger was incited to copy bank-notes by the invention of those useful pieces of currency, and was tempted more strongly by the discovery of excellent means of engraving, but beneath his work lies theft, nothing else. His is but an elaborate method of stealing, prosaic as it may sound, and deeply as he would resent being called a thief. The burglar, who fuses the wall of a safe by means of electricity, or by thermite, or other high temperature preparation, is not committing a new crime at all; he is but employing the discoveries of modern science to overcome the difficulties put in his way by modern science. The man who employs the electric current to "sweat coins" is only doing the same thing as his forefathers did, by shaking up gold pieces in a leathern bag, in a more scientific manner; the manufacturers of imitation gems, or false coin, or worthless fabrics which look like genuine silk, are only pursuing the common crime of theft by modern methods. Their means of stealing are new, made possible by invention, but the crime is not new.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

ENGRAVER.—Capital punishment for forgery was abolished in 1837.

Q.V.L.—Within limits the sentence for forgery depends on the judge's discretion.

WALWORTH.—Youngman was hanged on September 14th, 1860. We recorded his crime in Nos. 3 and 4.

R.V.—The "Bankers' Slaughter" was a name given to the year 1820, in which year forty-six persons were hanged for forging notes.

HOTEL CECIL.—Baron Alderson was a leading criminal judge in the "forties." His daughter was the late Marchioness of Salisbury.

GALLOWS.—Thurtell, hanged in 1824, is generally reputed to have invented the drop. The present pattern, however, was designed by the engineer to the Home Office, in 1885.

SWINDLED.—"Solitary confinement" in France does not mean absolutely entire isolation. The convict is confined much as an English prisoner is. The chief hardship lies in the fact that he can only earn about half the ordinary amount of remission. Thus, a "five years' solitary" would be in prison for four years and four months, a "five years' ordinary" would be released after three years and six months."

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MOTHER, SON AND DAUGHTER

CURED OF INDIGESTION, DEBILITY, DIZZINESS.

"FOR a long time I suffered so from Indigestion, Weakness and Debility that it was with difficulty I moved about," said Mrs. Turner, of Moorgate, Retford, in the course of an interview with a ***Retford and Gainsboro' Times*** reporter. "I had a constant feeling of heaviness at the stomach, and, do what I would, I could not get rid of it. My breathing was laboured and caused great pain. Many a time, when outside, I had actually to stand still in order to get my breath, so bad had I become. One day a neighbour gave me a few of Chas. Forde's Bile Beans to see if they would do me any good. I thought they did, and so I purchased some. From the time I began to take them I have gradually improved, until now I am quite well again." Upon being questioned, Mrs. Turner's daughter said she also suffered from nervous debility. She went on:—

"My strength left me, I became depressed, and lost all interest in everything. So dreadfully low did I get that I could hardly move about, and I felt as if I should like to go to bed and not get up again. My mother said it was dreadful to see me so ill, and gave me some of the Bile Beans, so I determined to give them a fair trial. Although only a short time has elapsed since I began to take them, my weakness and depression are gone, and my strength has returned. Bile Beans are certainly a wonderful medicine."

Before the reporter left, Mrs. Turner said: "A short time ago my son could not go about his work in consequence of sick headache and dizziness. I gave him some of the Beans, and gradually his ailments ceased to trouble him. The Beans have done him worlds of good, and he is not slow to tell it. I myself am now well and strong, can go about my work with gladness, and am the healthy, happy mother of a healthy family, thanks entirely to the marvellous efficacy of Bile Beans."

Bile Beans for Biliousness are a safe and sure remedy for Headache, Constipation, Piles, Liver Troubles, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Palpitation, Flatulence, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Lassitude, Debility, Sickness, Pimples, Bilious Loss of Tone, Summer Fag, "That Tired Feeling," Anæmia, and all Female Ailments. Of all Medicine Vendors, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box (large box contains three times quantity small size).

Bile Beans do not merely purge, giving temporary relief only, like the old-fashioned so-called remedies of forty or fifty years ago. They act directly on the liver and digestive organs, strengthening and stimulating those organs to perform their natural duties. They produce a gentle action on the bowels, curing or preventing constipation, cleansing the stomach, and ridding the system of all impurities. Do not be misled by claims of half a hundred pills in the box, where probably four to six constitute a dose, and the doses cannot be discontinued. ONE BILE BEAN is ONE DOSE. They can be discontinued after the cure is effected; they are purely vegetable; they contain no harmful drugs, and they are the SAFEST FAMILY MEDICINE.

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Free Sample Coupon.

Famous Crimes,
Sept. 14, 1903.

BILE BEANS

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